

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

Embellishment:

A LOUISIANA DEER:

Engraved by A. HALBERT from an original painting, by T. B. THORP, of Louisiana,
In the collection of WM. R. BARROW, Esq., of St. Francisville, La.

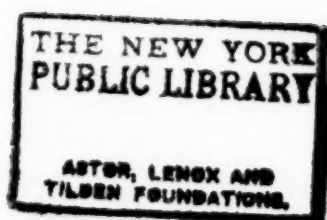
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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Hampton Course J. C. Fall Races, last Wednesday in Nov.
 BENDS CO., Miss. - Oakland Course, Colts' Stake, six subs., 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
 " " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Nov.
 LITTLE ROCK, Arks. Far West Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov.
 MEMPHIS, Tenn. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Nov.
 MOBILE, Ala. - - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting 2d week in Dec.
 MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Nov.
 NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday 23d Nov.
 NEW ORLEANS, La. Metairie Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
 " " " Louisiana Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Dec.
 TRENTON, N.J. - - Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, Nov. 1st.





From an Original Picture in the Collection of Wm. B. Brown Esq. of Louisiana

DONCASTER RACES, 1842.

BY RIDDLESWORTH.

The racing world has been for some time past busied to observe by what means, and under what circumstances, the present rage for betting might be best regulated. The most self-possessed, and the most experienced, of the race-course, will admit that the betting is a necessary evil, and that it is a necessary evil, which, if it is to be regulated, must be regulated by the betting itself. The betting is a necessary evil, and it is a necessary evil, which, if it is to be regulated, must be regulated by the betting itself.

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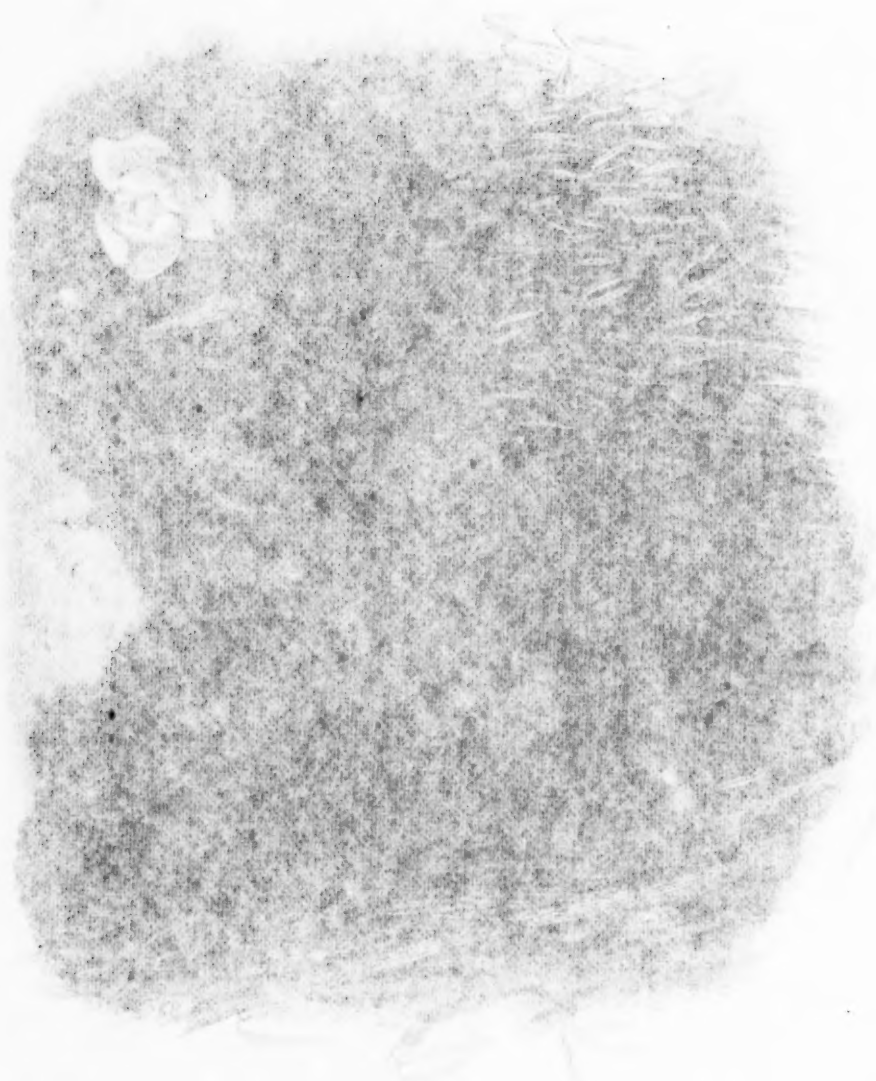
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and Judex patronised Rosamund, wherefore, it seems to say if we are to judge from public performances, which, after all, are the best data in the long run. Agrippa having frequently burnt his fingers, and never got any chesnuds, wisely abstained, saying with great truth, as the event proved—



DONCASTER RACES, 1842.

—
BY RIDDLESWORTH.
—

To those, who, like myself, make it their business to observe by-gone events, and form a judgment thereupon, the present rage for racing prophecy must afford great fun. The easy self-possession, and complete security with which folks promulgate the oracle, as if infallibility were their prerogative, is of itself sufficiently amusing, —but the cool confidence with which they twist events, and torture facts which disappoint their expectations so as to claim great credit for their foresight, out-herods Herod.

"Vates," first brought this fashion into vogue in the distressing columns (small print don't suit weak eyes) of that best of sporting sheets "Bell's Life," by a truly happy prediction, realised by the event of Phosphorus and Caravan running first and second for the Derby. Since this event, with various success, "Vates" has regularly issued forth his prophecy,—a document which always shows superior judgment, clouded in a metaphorical mass of rhyme, which clogs the understanding without pleasing the ear, and adds to the mystery without increasing the merit of his performance. On the whole, "Vates" has had fair luck, and in foretelling the success of Attila for the Derby, 1842, is still ahead of his competitors.

The defection of "Vates" from the columns of "Bell" induced our tall friend with the specs to take unto himself two other prophets, yclept "Pegasus" and "Agrippa," but their performances have not been very successful; in the instance of this St. Leger, just past, however, I must praise the candor of one, who very successfully burlesqued the custom of vaticination by ending his rigmarole with—

"Which is the winner,—hang me if I know."

Last on the list, but first in judgment, tact, and observation, comes the prophet of the Morning Post, "Judex," and his chief merit consists in the fair and candid manner in which he gives his reasons for arriving at conclusions which are generally founded in sound sense, and told in a straightforward and unaffected manner, which, to use a very commercial phrase, "looks like business."

"Vates" for the late Leger, foretold success to Attila, at which I cannot but much wonder, after his Goodwood exhibition. Pegasus and Judex patronised Rosalind, wherefore, it would be very hard to say if we are to judge from public performances, which, after all, are the best data in the long run. Agrippa having frequently burnt his fingers, and *never* got any chesnuts, wisely abstained, saying with great truth, as the event proved—

Thus it appears
That modern seers
Know nought for *sartain* ;
And Prophecy
Is all my eye
And Betty *Martin*.

Now, friend reader, I'll give you a couple of conundra thereupon, and, if you cover up the answers, I PROPHECY that you won't guess them.

First then,—“Why are ‘Vates,’ ‘Judex,’ ‘Agrippa,’ and ‘Pegasus,’ like bad debts?”

D'ye give it up?

Because they are not *true profits*.—

And again—“Why are ‘Vates,’ ‘Judex,’ ‘Agrippa,’ and ‘Pegasus,’ true prophets?”

D'ye give that up too?

Why, because they are *four seers*.—to be sure.

There is, however, one more dabbler in the art, who should not be passed over altogether without notice. This is he who “does the unknown” for the “Morning Herald,” and who excels all the others in ingenuity in asserting his reverses to be successes, if he does not always command success itself at first hand. Joking apart, this writer is the “very blind leading the blind,” and how many he has tumbled into the ditch, can only be ascertained by counting those whom he led,—not many I should think. For the Derby, in this year, he named Attila, and five others, and afterwards took credit to himself for having picked out the winner. At Doncaster, whither he went avowedly to pick up the crumbs of knowledge on the spot, he was doubly unfortunate, for he said—“that Attila *must* win was every one's avowed conviction—my impression is now to the same effect.”—And then he adds, “Two new outsiders have just appeared, viz.:—Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet, and Mr. Owsley's Happy-go-Lucky. *They will at all events strengthen the field numerically!*” One of them did “*strengthen the field*” with a vengeance.

But enough of this *profitless* talk—well may we paraphrase the poet—

“Dip deep, or taste not *Turfiana's* spring—”

on seeing such “authority” as this put forward to be followed by those who plead guilty of ignorance in sporting matters.

Doncaster never saw a meeting more promising in its appearances, nor, as it proved, more important in its results, than that which opened with a beautiful morning on Monday the 12th of September, A. D. 1842. On that morning the heath had its customary assemblage of early birds, looking out to pick up the late bird's breakfast, by speculating on the galloping of the various strings; but alas! many found to their cost in the evening that they had not risen early enough *on that morning* to learn the *secret*.

The Champagne Stakes, the first race of the day, was a most interesting one, bringing together, as it did, The British Yeoman, a first favorite for the Derby, 1843, Maria Day, a first favorite for

the Oaks, of the same year, and The Caster, a very promising two year old, who by his running at Goodwood had made many friends ; Winter, and Lady Skipsey made up the field. The British Yeoman being comparatively unknown, The Caster was the favorite at even betting, but the Yeoman made a sad example of them all, going in by himself in a canter, and leaving the others to tussle for the subordinate places, which they did worthily, The Caster beating Maria Day by half a length, and she in turn beating Winter by a neck. Shortly after the race Mr. Bond bid 1500 guineas for the winner, which was refused, and on an advance being subsequently tendered, he was given to understand that money would not buy him. This shows a right spirit.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap brought out a field capital as to numbers, and of no despicable merit ; the favourites were Charles XII., Disclosure, Iliona, and Retriever ; Charles, being the first favorite at 4 to 1, and brother to Garland, the winner, standing at 10 to 1.

The field and weights were as follows :—

Sir C. Monck's b. c. Brother to Garland, by Langar, 3 yrs., 5st. 12lb.....	W. Hebdale
Mr. Powlett's br. f. Disclosure, by Muley Molo h., 4 yrs., 7st.....	T. Iye.....
Mr. Robertson's b. h. Little Wonder, by Muley, 5 yrs., 9st.....	Robinson..
Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., by Voltaire, 9 yrs., 9st. 12lbs.....	J. Marson ..
Mr. Crawford's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid, 3 yrs., 5st. 8lb.....	Arthur.....
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, by Muley Molo h., 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.....	Cartwright..
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, 6 yrs., 7st. 9lb.....	Murphy.....
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Molo h., 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.....	W. Oates ..
Mr. Clark's b. c. William le-Gros, by Velocipede, 3 yrs., 6st. 3lb.....	J. Howlett..
Mr. Peck's b. c. Paragon, by Muley Molo h., 3 yrs., 6st. 3lb.....	Bell.....
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. Devil a long-the Tailors, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb.....	Simpson....
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirsk, by Voltaire, 4 yrs., 7st.....	Bumby.....
Lord Palmerston's b. m. Iliona, by Priam, 5 yrs., 8st.....	W. Day.....
Mr. Jones' b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, 6 yrs., 7st. 6lb.....	Copeland..

Neither Retriever nor Charles were in the best trim, and Retriever, who made the running as at Goodwood, was soon run to a stand still. The race was won by a length ; Little Wonder, who broke down, ran a capital horse, overweighed as he was, and saved his stake ; Galaor was fourth.

Her Majesty's Plate was carried off by Moss Trooper from Jack Shepherd, Woldsman, and Yorkshire Lady ; and a walk over by Lama for the Four Year Old Produce Stakes, concluded a happy day for the fielders.

The evening was marked by the appearance of Blue Bonnet as a "pet" for the St. Leger, and as she rapidly rose from 46 to 1 to 12 to 1 many people opened their eyes, until they wisely shut their mouths.

Tuesday dawned with all the rumors of pro and con every thing and every body, usual on such a day. The first astonishment was the non-starting of Mr. Meiklam's Colt, who has proved himself altogether very "Agreeable" to his backers ! The second was the steady advance of Blue Bonnet from 12,—to 8 to 1.

After a walk over by Amiene for the Two Year Old Produce Stakes, and a burlesque upon racing between the Lady of Silverkeld Well and Mr. Mostyn's Colt by Bay Middleton, the former winning by half a mile (more or less) ; the following seventeen nags came to the post for the Great St. Leger Stakes, 1842.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER, 1842

Lord Eglinton's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Touchstone, out of Maid of Melrose.....	T. Lye.....
General Yates' br. c. Seahorse, sy Camel, out of Seabreeze.....	Chapple.....
Mr. Kuching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, out of Catalini.....	Oates.....
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Fireaway, by Freney, out of Taghorn.....	Jaqes.....
Mr. Maher's c. Ballinkeelee, by Birdcatcher, out of Perdita.....	J. Robinson.....
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy, out of Dimid's dam.....	Noble.....
Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress.....	W. Scott.....
Mr. Thompson's br. f. Pharmacopœia, by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam.....	Nat Flatman.....
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Policy, by Bustard, out of Lacerta.....	J. Butler.....
Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicolas, out of Vermillion's dam.....	R. Hesselstine.....
Mr. G. Clark's b. g. Master Thomas, by Tomboy, out of Mamzel Outz.....	Holmes.....
Mr. Conbe's br. f. Rosalind, by Touchstone, out of Harm ny.....	Rogers.....
Mr. S. King's b. c. Cattonite, by Muley Moloch, out of Juotlee.....	J. Day.....
Mr. Meiklan's b. c. Aristotle, by Physician, out of Solace.....	T. Impleman.....
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, by Young Emilius, out of Catherine.....	Bradley.....
Mr. Price's b. f. Marian, by The Mole, out of Agnes.....	Cartwright.....
Lord Miltown's ch. c. Scalteen, by Philio the First, out of Brandy Bet.....	Calloway.....

The closing odds were—

11 to 8 agst Attila	15 to 1 agst Policy
7 to 1 — Ballinkeelee	20 to 1 — Seahorse
8 to 1 — Blue Bonnet	25 to 1 — Master Thomas
10 to 1 — Cabrera	25 to 1 — Scalteen
12 to 1 — Rosalind	500 to 5 — Cattonite (taken)
13 to 1 — Eboracum	1000 to 10 — Priscilla Tomboy (taken)
14 to 1 — Fireaway	1000 to 5 — Happy-go-Lucky (taken)

The race may be described in very few words—Attila took the lead at a pace by which he intended to cut down all his adversaries, but by some mistake he was himself the first to give way, when Eboracum forced the running. Having disposed of Attila, Eboracum in turn gave way to Cabrera, Fireaway, and Rosalind, Blue Bonnet being in their rear; to these came up Priscilla, Tomboy, and Seahorse, who had throughout laid far—too far—in my opinion, out of his ground; Cabrera and Rosalind having declined, the race remained amongst the others. Blue Bonnet passed each in succession, and went in a clever winner by a length,—Seahorse beating Tomboy by half a length for second place, and Fireaway repeating his Goodwood exhibition of kicking opposite to the Stand. Ballinkeelee was fifth, Cabrera sixth, then Eboracum—after him Attila, Pharmacopœia, and Policy. Cattonite having the exclusive honor of being first at the wrong end.

The ladies seem fond of Tommy Lye, at least the quadruped ladies, for I do not suppose that any biped could admire a man, even in winning the St. Leger, with his knees tucked up to his nose. A very awkward seat has "Toomy," but withal, that which stands him in good stead, a most clear noddle. But Tommy's chief successes have been with the ladies. He guided that good mare, the Queen of Trumps, through her best victories. 'Tis seven years since last a filly won the great St. Leger, and Tommy's glory has slept just as long, at least as far as this race is concerned, whilst Lillas, Queen of Trumps, and Our Nell, record his only Epsom triumphs.

The hubbub over, came the Cleveland Handicap, won by Billingham Lass, beating Knight of the Whistle, colt by Retainer, Idolatry, Compensation, and Frea; the winner being the favorite at 2 to 1 against her. The race was interesting only to the principals concerned, and the day's sport concluded with another bonus for the fielders in the defeat of Jack Shepherd (backed at 5 to 4 on him) by Pagan.

Wednesday brought out three cripples for the Foal Stakes, Cabrera, notoriously unfit, beating Auckland and Rover, who was lame at starting, and broke down in the race. The Selling Stakes brought four to run for a buyer at 200 sovs., and Lara gained the day, although I did not hear that any body gave the price in consequence of the performance.

For the Municipal Stakes came out Napier, a fine striding colt, Aristides, a Goodwood winner, and fast for a short distance, and Mr. Wreford's Monimia colt, of which "the stable" had a great idea. Napier made sad examples of them both, and the Monimia colt cut up very badly, but he is too big to be in form as a two-year-old.

The Shadow carried off the Corporation Plate in two heats, beating Beeswax, Welfare (who ran very badly) and Baronet, with ease.

Thursday put the seal on The British Yeoman's first performance, in the event of the Two Year Old Stakes, which came off thus, The Yeoman being, of course, first favorite ;—

The TWO YEAR OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each ; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. ; the second horse to save his stake.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-six subs.

Mr. Biakelock's br. c. <i>A British Yeoman</i> , by Liverpool, out of Fancy.....	<i>S. Templeman</i>	1
Lord Westminster's b. f. <i>Maria Day</i> , by Physician, out of Young Lady Erne.....		2
Mr. Clark's br. c. <i>The Era</i> , by Plenipo, out of Sister to Memnon.....		3

Eight others also started, but were not placed.

To this succeeded the Cup, which, as a matter of course, went to add to the trophies of old Beeswing, the other starters being Charles XII. (second), The Shadow (third), and Atila (last). Atila, I presume, ran on the chance of all the others tumbling down, as he was last from end to end.

Friday brought an interesting fact in the defeat of the Leger winner by Col. Cradock's Sally for

The PARK HILL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds ; fillies 8st. 7lb. each ; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes.—St. Leger Course —Twenty-nine subs.

Colonel Cradock's b. f. <i>Sally</i> , by Sheet Anchor.....	<i>S. Templeman</i>	1
Lord Eglinton's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Touchstone.....		2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>Dilbar</i> , by Touchstone.....		3
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. <i>Firebrand</i> , sister to Phosphorus.....		4
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana.....		5

The betting was 5 to 4 on Blue Bonnet, 2 to 1 agst. Sally, 5 to 1 agst. Dilbar, and 10 to 1 agst. each of the others. Firebrand took the lead at a moderate pace, followed by Blue Bonnet, Sally, the Adriana filly, and Dilbar last. The speed increased at the hill, but was never good until they reached the Red House, where Firebrand gave up, and Blue Bonnet went on with the running, Sally waiting on her ; at the distance the latter challenged, got her head in front at the Stand and after a long set-to, won by a neck. Dilbar was a bad third.

The other events, as is usual on "last days," were of little interest, viz.,—the Scarborough Stakes, won by Brother to Garland, beating Moss Trooper and Master Thomas : the Innkeeper's Plate, won by Edmond, beating Billingham Lass, Our Nell, (!) and six others, and the Town Plate, won by The Shadow, beating Lara, and Arnagill.

This meeting was altogether a gold mine to the fielders, and its

results were most important in the running of the two year olds, although there is, in my humble opinion, nothing to justify the odds at which The British Yeoman stands for the Derby, 1843. The Caster (said to have beaten Napier in a trial) came out badly; but the best two year olds at Doncaster, 1842, were certainly The Yeoman, Maria Day, and Napier.

That the winner of the Leger has seen her best day is my decided opinion; that she was "a flyer" was known to *some*, far back as at Epsom, when she would have won the Oaks had she been *fit*. At Goodwood she was *not fit*, and at Doncaster she was *fit on the day*, and *not fit* two days afterwards. I think she must be classed with Phosphorus, Satirist, "*et hoc genus omne*," in the HERO OF A DAY list.

I think that I cannot better conclude this somewhat lengthy account, than by adopting my Goodwood fashion of summing up the results of the meeting. This summary, however, will not stand comparison with that of Goodwood, whether we look to the number or value of the stakes—the quantity, or the quality.

STATISTICS OF THE DONCASTER MEETING, 1842.

STAKES.	Winner.	Amount including Winners' Stakes.	Started.	Distance.			Time.
				m.	f.	y.	
Champagne	British Yeoman.....	£ 925	5	0	5	164	1 13
Gt. Yorkshire Handicap.	Brother to Garland.....	1,335	14	1	6	132	3 27
Queen's Plate	Moss Trooper	105	4	3	7	219	
Produce Stake.....	Lara	200	1	2	0	15	
Produce Stake.....	Amiene	250	1	0	5	164	
Sweepstakes	Lady of Silverkeld Well.	250	2	1	4	0	
St. Leger.....	Blue Bonnet	3,650	17	1	6	132	3 20
Cleveland Handicap	Bilingham Lass	305	6	1	0	0	
Chesterfield	Pagan.....	110	2	1	4	0	
Doncaster.....	Master Thomas	80	1	2	0	15	
Foal	Cabrera	600	3	1	4	0	
Selling	Lara	90	4	1	6	132	
Municipal.....	Napier	2,100	3	0	5	164	
Corporation Plate.....	Shadow	63	4	2	0	15	
Three-Year-Old-Stakes	Artful Dodger	1,200	1	1	6	132	
Two-Year-Old-Stakes.....	British Yeoman.....	700	11	0	7	189	1 46
The Cup.....	Bee's-wing.....	300	4	2	5	14	4 44
Gascoigne	Attila	190	1	1	6	132	
Scarborough.....	Brother to Garland.....	210	3	1	0	0	
Park Hill	Sally.....	850	5	1	6	132	3 27
Innkeepers' Plate	Edmond	265	9	0	5	164	
Town Plate.....	Shadow	100	3	2	0	15	heats

SUMMARY :

No. of Stakes.....22.—Gross value.....£13,268.—Horses started.....104

24th September, 1842.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

OF Y^e RUNNING HORSE.

THE following pages are extracts from a torn portion of a curious old work on racing and training, which was accidentally found a short time ago on rummaging over an old book-case ; and as they tend to shew the system pursued by our ancestors of sporting celebrity, and contain moreover divers hints which may not altogether prove useless to the crack trainers of the present day, it is presumed that they may not prove unacceptable to the readers of the "Sporting Magazine."

Unfortunately that portion which treats of the diet, management, and training of the racer during the first fortnight has been lost ; but, as in each succeeding fortnight the quality of the horse's food is improved and his labor increased, it will not be a difficult matter for any person to supply from imagination the treatment that was probably recommended in the lost leaves of the work, if we except, in all likelihood, some curious old medicinal prescriptions, the omission of which will probably not be very severely felt either by veterinarians or amateur horse-doctors.

The writer concludes his observations on the treatment of "the running horse" during the first fortnight with the following pithy remark :—

Fourthly and lastly, observe to give your heats (the weather being seasonable) as early in the morning as you can, that is, by the spring of the day : but by no means in the dark, for it is to the horse unwholesom and unpleasant, to the man a great testimony of folly, and to both an act of danger and precipitation.

THE SECOND FORTNIGHT'S KEEPING.

Now to descend to your second fortnight's keeping touching your first approach to the stable, and all other by-respects, as cleansing, shaking up of litter, and the like, you should do all things as in the first fortnight. Onely before you put on his bridle, you shall give him a quart or better of clean sifted oats, which as soon as he hath eaten, you shall then bridle him up, and dress him in all points, as was declared in the first fortnight : you shall clothe him, saddle him, air, water, and bring him home in all points as in the first fortnight ; onely you shall not put any hay in his rack to tear out ; but onely draw with your hand as much fine sweet hay (which you shall toss and dust well) as you can well grip, and let him as he standeth on the bridle tear it out of your hand, which if he do greedily and earnestly, then you may give him another and another, and so let him stand on the bridle an hour or more after. Then come to him, and, after rubbing and other ceremonies before declared performed, sift and dust up the quantity of a quart of oats, and set them by ; then take a loaf of bread that is at least three days old, made after this manner :—

The first Bread.—Take three pecks of clean beans, and one peck of fine wheat, and mix them together and grind it to pure meal.

Then searse and bolt through a reasonable fine range, and knead it up with great store of barm and lightning, but with as little water as may be; labour it in the trough with all painfulness; tread it, break it, and after cover it warm, and let it lie a pretty space in the trough to swell; then after knead it over again and mould it into big loaves, and so bake them well and let them soak soundly: after they are drawn from the oven, turn the bottoms upward and so let them cool.

At three days old you may adventure to give this bread, but hardly sooner, for nothing doth occasion surfeit or is more dangerous than new bread; yet, if necessity compel you that you must sooner give this bread, or that the bread be dank and clammy, so as the horse taketh distaste thereat, then cut the loaf into thin shives, and lay it abroad in a sieve to dry, and then, crumbling it small amongst his oats, you may give it without danger.

But to return to my purpose where I left: when you have taken a loaf of this bread of three days old, you shall chip it very well, then cut it into thin shives, and break three or four shives thereof (which may countervail the quantity of the oats) very small, and mix it with the oats you had before sifted, and so give them to the horse.

About eleven of the clock you shall come to the horse, and having performed your by-ceremonies before spoken of,* you shall give him the same quantity of bread and oats as you did in the morning, and so let him rest till the afternoon.

At one of the clock in the afternoon (or after, if you intend not to give him an heat the next day) you shall feed him with bread and oats as you did in the forenoon, and so consequently every meal following for that day, observing every action and motion as hath been before declared.

But if you intend the next day to give him an heat (to which I now bend mine arm), you shall then onely give him a quart of sweet oats, and as soon as they are eaten, put on his bridle, and tie up his head, not forgetting all by-ceremonies before declared. Then dress him, clothe him, saddle him, air and water him, as before shewed; also bring him home, and order him as before shewed, onely give him no hay at all.

After he hath stood an hour on the bridle, give him, as before, a quart of clean sifted oats: when he hath eaten them, you shall then put on his head a sweet clean washt muzzle, and so let him rest till nine of the clock at night.

Now touching the use of the muzzle, and which is the best, you shall understand, that as they are most useful being good and rightly made, so they are dangerous and hurtful, being abused and falsly made.

The true use of them is to keep the horse from eating up his litter, from gnawing upon boards and mud-walls, and indeed to keep him from eating any thing but what he receiveth from your hand.

These muzzles are sometimes made of leather, and stamp full

Probably grooming, and dressing, setting the stable fair, &c.

of holes, or else close, but they are unsavory and unwholesome ; for if it be allom'd leather, the allom is offensive ; if it be liquor'd, the grease and ouze are full as unpleasant ; besides they are too close and hot, and both make a horse sick, cause him to forbear rest, and retain his dung longer in his body than he otherwise would do.

The best summer-muzzle is the net-muzzle, made of strong pack-thread, and knit, exceeding thick, and with small meshes at the bottom, and so enlarged wider and wider up to the middle of the horse's head, and then bound about the top with strong tape—upon the near-side a loop, and on the far-side a long tape to be fastened unto the horse's head.

The best winter-muzzle is that which is made of strong double canvas, with a round bottom, and a square lattice-window of small tape, before both his nostrils down to the very bottom of the muzzle ; this must also have a loop and a string to fasten it about the horse's head.

At nine of the clock at night coming to the horse again, after your by-ceremonies, before taught, are performed, give him a quart of clean-sited oats ; and as soon as he hath eaten them, put on his muzzle, toss up his litter, and leave him to his rest.

The next day, early in the morning before day, come to the horse (if he be standing on his feet), but if he be laid, by no means disturb him.

Now whilst he is lying, or if he be standing, take a quart of clean oats well sifted, and rub between your hands, and wash them in a little strong ale or beer, and so give them to the horse.

As soon as he has eaten them, bridle him up, and hang by his muzzle in some sweet place ; then unclothe him and dress him as hath been before shewed ; after, put on his body-cloth and breast-cloth, and saddle him ; then being ready to go forth with him, take his bridle-rein and draw it over the top of the rack so as you may draw his head aloft. Then take a new-laid egg, washt clean, and break it in his mouth, make him to swallow it down ; then wash his tongue and mouth with a little beer, and so lead him forth of the stable.

When you are come within a mile, or thereabouts, of the starting-post, you shall alight from the horse's back, and take off his body-cloth and breast-cloth, and then girt on the saddle again : then sending away your groom both with those clothes and the clean dry rubbing-clothes, let him stay at the last end of the race till you come. Then yourself rack your horse gently up to the starting-post, and beyond ; make your horse smell to that post, as you shall also do at the first post, which we call the weighing post, that he may thereby take notice of the beginning and ending of his course. And there start your horse roundly and sharply at near a three-quarters speed ; and according to his strength of body, ability of mind, and cheerfulness of spirit, run him the whole course through. But by no means do any thing in extremity, and above his wind and strength ; but when you find him a little yield, then give him a little ease, so that all he doth may be done with plea-

sure, and not with anguish: for this manner of training will make him take delight in his labor, and so increase it; the contrary will breed discomfort, and make exercise irksome.

Also, during the time that you thus course your horse, you shall with all carefulness note upon what ground he runneth best; as whether upon the hill, whether on the smooth earth or on the rough, whether on the wet or on the dry, or whether on the level or the earth that is somewhat rising; and, according as you find his nature and disposition, so maintain him for your own advantage.

When you have thus coursed the course over strongly and swiftly, and after a little slightly gallopt him up and down the field, to rake his wind and cheer his spirit, you shall then (your groom being ready with your clothes and other necessities) ride to some warm place, as under the cover of some hedge, bushes, or trees, into some hollow dry ditch, pit, or other defence from the air, and there alight from his back, and first with a grasing-knife, or scraping-knife as some call it, made either of some broken sword-blade, some old broken scythe, or, for want of them, a thin piece of old hard oaken wood, fashioned like a broad long knife with a sharp edge: and using this with both your hands, scrape off all the sweat from your horse in every part of him wheresoever you find any wet: and thus do till you find there will not more sweat arise; and ever and anon move and stir the horse up and down, and then with dry cloths rub the horse all over exceedingly. Then take off the saddle, and having glazed, scraped, and rubbed his back, put on his body-cloth and his breast-cloth, and then set on the saddle again and girt it: then gallop the horse gently forth, and again a little space, ever and anon rubbing his head, neck, and body, as you sit on his back; then walk him about the fields and downs to cool him, and when you find that he drieth apace, then rack him gently homewards, sometimes racking, and sometimes galloping. But by no means bring him to the stable till you find he have not one wet hair about him. When you have brought him to the stable-door dry, there dismount, then lead him into his stall, and there tie his head gently up to the rack with his bridle; which done, presently, as having prepared it before, give the horse this scowring following, and made in this manner.

THE FIRST SCOWRING.

Take a pint of the best sweet sack, and put thereto better than an ounce of the clearest and purest rosin bruised to a very fine dust, and brew them together exceeding much; then when the sack and it is incorporated together, put thereto half a pint of the best sallet-oyl, and brew them also well together; then lastly, take a full ounce and an half of brown sugar-candy beaten to powder, and put it in also; then mull also upon the fire, and being lukewarm, and the horse newly come in from his heat, as before I shewed you, draw his head up to the rack, and with an horn give him this scowring, for it is a strong one, and this taketh away and avoideth all manner of molten grease and foulness whatsoever.

THE ORDERING OF THE HORSE AFTER THIS SCOWRING.

As soon as you have given the horse this scowring, presently

let your groom fall to rubbing of his legs, and do yourself take off his saddle and clothes, and finding his body dry, run slightly over it with your currycomb, after with the brush. Then dust well, and lastly rub all his body over exceedingly well with dry cloths, especially his head, nape of the neck, and about his heart; then clothe him up warm, as at his other ordinary times, and wisp him round with great warm wisps; and if you throw over him a little loose blanket it will not be amiss in these extraordinary times, especially if the season be cold.

Your horse must fast full two hours after the receipt of this scowring; but yet depart not yourself, or your groom out of the stable, but stay and keep the horse stirring and waking, partly by extraordinary noise and clamour, and partly by action about him, or making him move up and down as he standeth. There is nothing more hurtful to the horse, or working of the medicine, than sleep, stilness, and rest, and nothing better or more available to the working of the medicine than action and motion; for they make the spirits lively, and stir up those humours which should be removed when rest keeps the spirits dull, and the humours so enclosed and reserved that Nature hath nothing to work upon.

After your horse hath fasted upon his bridle two hours or more, then you shall take a handful of wheat-ears, being your pollard, that is, without rough beards, and coming to the horse, first handle the roots of his ears, then put your hands under his clothes, against his heart, upon his filets, flanks, and on the nether parts of his thighs; and if you find any new sweat to arise, or any coldness of sweat, or if you see his body beat, or his breath move fast, then forbear to give him any thing; for it is a pregnant sign that there is much foulness stirred up, on which the medicine working with a conquering quality, the horse is brought to a little heart-sickness. Therefore in this case you shall onely take off his bridle, and put on his collar, then toss up his litter that he may lie down, and then absent yourself (having made the stable dark and still) for two hours more at the least, which is the utmost end of that sickness.

But if you find no such offence, then you shall proffer him the ears of wheat by three or four together; and if he eats this handful, then give him another.

After he hath eaten the wheat-ears, you shall then give him a little bundle of hay, such as hath been before declared, and draw his bridle, rubbing his head well.

An hour or better after he hath had his hay, you shall sift him a quart of the best oats, and to them you shall put two or three handfuls of spelted beans, which you shall cause to be ree'd and dressed as clean as possible from all manner of hulls, dust, and filth whatsoever, so as there may be nothing but the clean spelted beans themselves. To these oats and beans you shall break two or three good thick shives of bread, clean chipt, and give all unto the horse, and so leave him to his rest for near three hours, or thereabouts.

At evening before you dress your horse, give him the like quantity of oats, spelted beans, and bread, and when he hath eaten them,

then bridle him up and dress him, as before shewed ; after he is drest, clothe him up, for you shall neither saddle him nor ride him forth ; for you shall understand that this evening after his heat, the horse being inwardly foul, and the scowring yet working in his body, he may not receive any water at all.

After the horse is drest, and hath stood an hour and a half upon his bridle, you shall then take three pints of clean-sifted oats, and wash them in strong ale or beer, and so give them to the horse ; for this will inwardly cool and refresh him as if he had drunk water.

After he hath eaten all his washt meat, and rested upon it a little space, you shall then at his feeding times, which have been spoken of before, with oats and spelt beans, or oats and bread, or all together, or each several and simple of itself (as you shall find the stomach of the horse best addicted to receive it), feed him that night in a plentiful manner, and leave a knop of hay in the rack when you go to your bed.

The next day, very early as may be, first feed, then dress, after clothe, saddle, then air him abroad, and water him, as hath been before shewed ; after, bring him home, and feed him with oats, spelt beans, and bread, as was last of all declared ; onely very little hay, and keep your heating days and the preparation the day before in such wise as hath been also formerly declared, without any omission or addition. Thus you shall spend the second fortnight, in which your horse, having received four heats soundly given unto him, and four scowrings, there is no doubt but that his body will be inwardly clean. You shall then the third fortnight order him according to these rules which hereafter follow :—

THE THIRD FORTNIGHT'S KEEPING.

The third fortnight you shall make his bread finer than it was formerly ; as thus :—

The second Bread.—You shall take two pecks of clean beans, and two pecks of fine wheat, grind them on the black stones, searce them through a fine range, and knead it up with barm and great store of lightning, working it in all points, and baking it in the same sort as was shewed you in the former bread.

With this bread, having the crust cut clean away, and being old (as was before shewed), with clean-sifted oats, and with clean drest spelt beans, you shall feed your horse this fortnight as you did in the fortnight before : you shall observe his dressing, airing, and hours of feeding, as in the former fortnight ; also you shall observe his heating-days, and the day before his heat, as in the former fortnight, onely with these differences :—

First, you shall not give his heats so violently as before, but with a little more pleasure ; that is to say, if the first heat be of force and violence, the second heat shall be of pleasure and ease, and indeed none at all to overstrain the horse or to make his body sore.

Next, you shall not after his heats, when he cometh home, give him any more of the former scowring, but instead thereof you shall instantly upon the end of your heat, after the horse is a little cool'd

and clothed up, and in the same place where you rub him, by drawing his head up aloft as you sit in the saddle, or raising it up otherwise, give him a ball somewhat bigger than a French wall-nut, hull and all, of that confection which is mentioned before, of the true manner of making of cordial-balls.

THE FOURTH AND LAST FORTNIGHT'S KEEPING.

Now to return again to my purpose. Having spent the three first fortnights, you shall, the fourth and the last fortnight, make your horse's bread much finer than either of the former.

The last Bread.—Take three pecks of fine wheat, and put in one peck of clean beans; grind them to powder on the black stones, and bolt them through the finest bolter you can get; then knead them up with very sweet ale-barm, and new strong ale and the barm beaten together, and also the whites of at least twenty eggs; in anywise no water at all, but instead thereof some small quantity of new milk. Then work it up and labor it with all painfulness that may be, as was shewed in the first bread; then bake it and order it as was declared in the other.

With this bread (having the crust cut clean away, and with oats well sunned, beaten, and rubbed over with your hands, then new winnowed and sifted, and most finely drest, that there may be neither light ones nor foul ones, nor any false grain amongst them; and with the purest spelted beans that can be tryed out) feed your horse at his ordinary feeding times, in such wise as you did in the fortnight last mentioned before.

You shall keep his heating-days the first week of this last fortnight in such wise as you did in the former fortnight: but in the last week you shall forbear one heat, and not give him any heat five days before his Match at the least, only you shall give him long and strong airings to keep him in wind.

You shall not need this fortnight to give him any scowring at all.

If this fortnight, morning and evening, you burn upon a chafing-dish of coals in your stable of the purest olibanum or frankincense mixt with storax and Benjamin, to perfume and sweeten the room, you shall find it exceeding wholesome for the horse, and he will take delight therein.

In this fortnight when you give your horse any washt meat, wash it not in ale or beer, but in the whites of eggs or Muscadine, for that is more wholesome and less pursie.

This fortnight give your horse no hay at all, but what he taketh out of your hand after his heats, and that must be in little quantity and clean dusted and drest, unless he be an exceeding evil feeder, and marvellous tender, and a great belly-looser.

The last week of this fortnight, if your horse be a foul feeder, you must use the muzzle continually; but if he be a clean feeder, and will touch no litter, then three days before your Match is a convenient time for the use of the muzzle.

The morning the day before your Match, feed well both before and after airing, and water, as at other times, before noon; and after noon, scant his proportion of meat a little.

Before and after evening airing, feed as at noon, and water as at other times, but be sure to come home before sunset.

This day you shall cool the horse, shoe the horse, and do all extraordinary things of ornament about him, provided there be nothing to give him offence, or to hinder him in feeding or any other material or beneficial action; for I have heard some horsemen say, that when they have shooed their horse with light shoes, and done other actions of ornament about them the night before the course, their horse hath taken such special notice thereof that he has refused both to eat and lie down. But you must understand that those horses must be old and long experienced in this exercise, or they cannot reach at these subtle apprehensions.

For my part, touching the nice and strait platting up of horse's tails in the manner of sackers or docks (which is now in general use), howsoever the ornament may appear great to the eye, yet I do not much affect it, because I know if an ignorant hand have the workmanship thereof, he may many ways give offence to the horse, and, in avoiding cumbersomness, breed a great deal of more cumber; therefore I wish every one rather to avoid curiosity, which they call ornament, than by those false graces to do injury to the horse.

Now for the necessary and indifferent things that are to be done unto the horse, I would rather have them done the day before than on the morning of the course, because I would have the horse that morning to find no trouble or vexation.

The next morning, which is the Match day, come to your horse before day, take off his muzzle, rub his head well, and give him a pretty quantity of oats masht in Muscadine, if he will eat them, or else in the whites of eggs; or if he refuse both, then try him with fine drest oats, dry, and mixt with a little wheat, or with your lightest bread: as for beans, forbear them. Of any of these foods give him such a quantity as may keep life and soul together: then, if he be an horse that is an evil emptier, and will retain meat long, you may walk him abroad and in the places where he used to empty; there entice him to empty; which as soon as he hath done, bring him home, put on his muzzle, and let him rest till you have warning to make ready and lead forth: but if he be a good and free emptying horse, then you need not stir him, but let him lie quiet.

When you have warning to prepare for leading out, then come to your horse, and having washt his snaffle in a little muscadine, take off his muzzle, and bridle him up: but before you bridle, if you think the horse too empty, you may give him three or four mouthfuls of the washt meat last spoken of, then bridle up, then dress: after having pitcht your saddle and girths with shoemakers wax, set it on his back, and girt it as gently as may be, so as he may have a feeling, but no straitness. Then lay a very white sheet over the saddle next his skin, and over it his ordinary clothes, then his body-cloth and breast-cloth, and wisp them round about with soft wisps; then if you have a counterpane, or cloth of state for braveries sake, let it be fastened above all. When this is done,

and you are ready to draw out, then take half a pint of the best muskadine, and give it him with a horn, and so lead him away.

And in your leading, if any white or thick foam or froth arise about the horse's mouth, you shall with a clean handkerchief wipe it away : carrying a small bottle of clean water about you, wash your horse's mouth now and then herewith.

When you come to the place of starting, before you unclothe the horse, rub and chafe his legs with hard wisps ; then pick his feet and wash his mouth with water ; then unclothe him, mount his rider, start fair, and then refer all the rest to God's good will and pleasure.

In spite of the quaint and formal rules here laid down by the Author for the most minute operations to be observed in training a racer, it must be admitted that there is a great deal of sound good sense in much that he has written. With respect to the "scow-rings" recommended for a foul horse, although they have been almost superseded in the present day by purgatives ; the propriety of constantly acting upon the bowels may be very fairly questioned, especially when we consider that the kidneys are one of the chief emunctories for carrying off impurities engendered in the system of the horse. An occasional dose of our Author's "sack and rosin" might therefore be administered now and then for the purpose of amending a gross habit of body, and might *possibly* be found of somewhat greater efficacy than the diuretic balls in general use, inasmuch as the wine which is made the menstruum of the medicine, when given warm and assisted by additional clothes, would probably cause the skin to assist the kidneys in removing from the system some of those impurities of the blood for which the prescription is recommended.

But the point most worthy of consideration by modern trainers is the very small quantity of food that our ancestors were in the habit of giving their horses at one meal—a quart of oats with a few slices of bread and scarcely any hay was, it appears, all that they got at a time, even when their powers were brought to the greatest state of perfection. The trainers of the "olden time" thus adhered to the golden maxim of giving the best and most substantial food in as small a compass as possible—a sure way to keep the digestive tube in the highest possible state of vigor. As to the eggs recommended to be used in making the horse's bread, although as animal food they may be considered unfit for a horse, yet it is not impossible that, when he is accustomed to them, they may prove extremely invigorating. Our Author, it must be presumed, had a high opinion of their efficacy, since he recommends that a raw new-laid egg be given to a racer prior to his being taken out to gallop.

This practice, and indeed that of giving any other species of food to race-horses except oats, beans, and hay, has entirely gone out of use ; and yet wheat, although too stimulating to be given except occasionally, is known to be most generous food, and probably when well baked and stale, may be given in small quantity with advantage, not only from its high nutritious qualities, but like-

wise from its affording a change of diet which cannot but be grateful to every animal. We must not forget that upon the system of training recommended by the Author of the mode from which we have made the above extracts, an Eclipse, a Flying Childers, and many another racer of celebrity, were brought to a state of perfection as regards animal power that has never yet been surpassed.

Lo don (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the October Number of the "Turf Register," page 552.

ON CLOTHING, ETC.

I WILL now make some few remarks on the different reins, which are at times used for various purposes.

A leading rein is made similar to that which a post-boy, when driving, makes use for the off-side horse, and is buckled on a race-horse's bit in the same manner. The use of this rein is to lead a horse to the course, I mean, such a one as, when he is in his best form, is inclined to be riotous there, and he will more particularly require to have this rein on if he has to cross the downs alone for a long distance before he comes to the course; and it is also adviseable with such a horse, to put the boy up who looks after him to ride him to the course, as well as to have a boy with some power to lead him to it; and if there be more than one road to the race-ground, he should be taken by that on which he is likely to meet the least annoyance.

A martingal rein is made with buckles and billets at each end, but it does not require to be so broad as the snaffle rein which is sewn to the bit, under which this martingal rein is attached; and close up to each buckle and billet there should be sewn across the rein a piece of stout narrow leather. It must be of sufficient substance, breadth, and length, to prevent the martingal-reins from passing over those pieces of leather, and thereby becoming fixed or entangled in the buckles of the rings, which would so confine the horse's head in his exercise or running, as to be very likely productive of very serious consequences both to the horse and the jockey. The martingal to be used with this rein is made as all common martingals are, only that it should be made light in proportion to the rein with which it is to be used for such horses as get their heads a little out of place either in exercise or running. The martingal rein is usually knotted and left on the horse's neck

until the rider finds he has occasion to take it up, when by a gentle pull with it, he brings the horse's head in place. There is another description of running martingal, or martingal-reins, which are made in the following manner, the leather at the bottom part, or end, must be an inch and a half in breadth. When used, the end, like that of the common martingal, is attached to the girths of the saddle. From the girths, this part of the martingal passes forward between the horse's fore legs to about the centre of his chest, where the leather of the breadth above-mentioned terminates. To this point should be attached the two running reins, and these being sufficiently long, are passed through each eye of the bit, into the rider's hand. The ends are here secured together by a small buckle.

There are other running-reins, some of which are attached to the girths under the flaps of the saddle. This will depend on the different positions that colts, in breaking, or horses in training or running, may be inclined to get their heads into, or according as they may be more or less disposed to pull at the rider.

The top or head part of a gag-rein is flat for about eighteen inches. The edges of the rein should after this space be sewn together, and made perfectly round for nearly a foot on each side, so as to admit of this working freely through the ring of the gag bit or snaffle. From the round part, the rein is left flat for the length of a common snaffle or bridle rein. These reins are generally used by the boys when they are riding young ones in their exercise, to keep up the heads of such as are apt to pull and bore with their heads too low or too close to the ground.

The reins I have here described, when applied to such horses as may require them, are of infinite service. They are to enable the rider to get up a horse's head, and to keep it in its proper place, which empowers him more easily to hold a horse as he may be going along in either his gallop, sweat, or race, as well as to pull him up at the conclusion of either of them.

And such reins are found very useful to the very small boys, when riding young ones in their exercise, or when those light weights are put up to ride horses which may have delicate fore legs, (which is not a very uncommon occurrence,) and which may require pretty strong work. Although some such horses may pull fair, and with their heads in a good place, yet they may pull much too strong for small light boys to hold them in their gallops and sweats. To have a horse of this sort break away, and make too free with himself in his work, would not be well, nor would it perhaps answer to put a curb or a Pelham bridle on, to hold such a horse with. Being rode in either of these, he may get to bend his knees too much, go high and clamber in his work, which would be a loss of time, and an inexperienced groom would be very loth, on account of his delicacy of the horse's legs, to put up a lad of a size and power that could hold such a horse in a plain snaffle, which is the sort of bridle he should be rode in. The groom, therefore, in order to have as little weight as possible on the horse's legs, puts up a small light boy to ride him, and to give this little boy sufficient

power to hold the horse, the groom orders one of the reins above described to be put on ; which he thinks will answer the purpose ; at the same time, giving the boy orders how he is to use the rein so as to be enabled to hold or pull the horse up. The bits generally used for race-horses to run in, vary according to circumstances. Those which are the most frequently used, are snaffles. These as well as other bits for racing purposes, should be made of steel, and as light as possible, that is, they should not be of more substance than is absolutely necessary to prevent them from breaking when holding a hard pulling horse in his exercise or race. It is advisable to have the cheeks of these bits made larger than those of bits in common use. They should be six inches and three quarters in length. For in riding a hard pulling horse, on a small round course, more particularly should he be inclined to hang at his turns, the rider, by persevering with a horse of this description at the turn, so as not to lay out of his ground in making it, may pull the bit, should the cheek of it be short, into the horse's mouth, from which circumstance the horse would have the power of laying a long way out of his ground, and would perhaps run out of the course. A horse which is known to be very difficult at his turns, or which is likely to bolt, should be rode in a bit, the inside of the cheek of which should be armed with prickers.

The eye of a racing snaffle should be made large. It should be an inch and three quarters in the clear ; for when a horse has to run in a martingal, it is necessary to have two reins.

The next bit to be noticed is the Pelham. It should be made equally light with the snaffle, except the cheeks of it which are to be sufficiently stout in proportion to their length, and the eyes of this bit should be made of the same size as those of the snaffle, for it is at times necessary to use a martingal with this bit.

With the exception of the eyes to the cheek and the joint in the mouth-piece, it is made as a curb bit. The Pelham is a useful bit, and it answers the purposes both of a curb and a snaffle, with the advantage of the horse's having only one bit in his mouth. It is much lighter than curb bits in general use ; and this is another advantage, for care should be taken not to have more weight about the head or feet of a race-horse when running, than can possibly be avoided. The curb rein of this bit, as with the martingal-rein of the snaffle, remains knotted on the horse's neck until the rider has occasion to use it when the horse is making too free with the pace.

The next bit to be mentioned is the Chiffney bit. This bit was invented by the celebrated jockey, Mr. Samuel Chiffney, of Newmarket, who, in my juvenile days, was principal rider to his present Majesty. I am not aware of any improvement having been made in this bit since it was first invented. It is made as any other curb, with the exception of the top part of the cheeks. Instead of an eye to each cheek for the head part of the bridle to be fixed to, there are two curb hooks working on a pivot on the inside, for each end of the curb chain to be attached. There are also two pieces of steel about two inches long, the lower end of

each piece is attached to the outside of the cheek of the bit, a little above the mouth-piece, also working on a pivot, in the same manner as the curb hooks, but rivetted on the outside. The top part of these pieces has each an eye to which the head part of the bridle is attached. These pieces, thus placed, act upon the principle of a lever, and with little strength it becomes a very severe bit.

Chiffney, in his book, observes that this bridle is to enable the light weights to hold their horses from running away, and to run to order in, and that is best for all horses to run in. He particularly recommends the use of it to ladies who ride and drive, as they not only excel in holding horses from running away, but make horses "stop with more safety, ride more pleasantly, and carriage handsomer."

I think it is a good bit for these last mentioned purposes, and with a patient rider it is a good bridle to hold horses that pull hard either in hunting or on the road; for in pulling at horses of this description, if you balk them of their stride, there is no great stake lost by it. But I must observe, that the principal purpose for which Chiffney intended this bit, was to enable light weights, the most of whom are boys, to hold horses in their running, and to ride to order. But I think it a dangerous bridle for boys to be entrusted with, to ride a race in. It is a sort of bridle, which to be properly used with the advantages pointed out by Chiffney, requires an experienced jockey, as he was himself, who has a cool, clear head, and a very light hand; two things which boys are seldom possessed of.

If a horse should make very free with himself in running, a boy would be likely to use all his strength, and by pulling too rashly at the horse with this bridle, would most likely pull him out of his stride. The disadvantage that would arise from this, will be described by and bye. The different bridles and martingals which best answer the purpose for different horses to run in, are ascertained from the observations the groom makes in the working of his horses, together with the account the boys give of the manner in which each horse may go in his exercise.

As the weights vary for different horses to run under, so must racing-saddles vary in their sizes and weights for horses to run in, to enable the different jockeys to get themselves down to the weights for which they are engaged to ride, without debilitating themselves too much by wasting.

Racing-saddles are therefore made to weigh from two pounds to two stone; but these weights may be said to be the two extremes, as they are more frequently from three pounds to twenty-one. A two-pound saddle is seldom used unless when a horse is engaged to run under a very light weight. All saddles should be made of the very best materials; but this being a very light saddle, it is necessary that every part of it should be strictly attended to.

A three-pound saddle is in more frequent use than the two-pound saddle, and if well made, it is sufficiently strong for a jockey of from nine stone to nine stone seven to ride in; unless, from

frequent use, it is allowed to get out of repair, in which case, a stirrup leather, or stirrup, or even the tree of the saddle, may break, if the jockey from necessity (as when riding a hard-pulling horse) should have to depend more on his stirrups than is his usual custom.

A four-pound saddle is to be preferred to either of the above when it can be used, as it can be made stronger and larger, and gives more room to the rider. The flaps of this saddle may have a little stuffing in them before the knee.

A seven-pound saddle is also used for horses to run in, and if well made, it is as convenient to ride in as a stone saddle. Saddles of this weight are also the proper ones for boys to ride in when exercising. The stone saddle is the common sized saddle, and is also occasionally used for horses to run in.

Racing men endeavour, and I think very properly, to keep the secrets of their stables as much to themselves as they possibly can, as weight impedes the action of a race-horse in running.

One way to enable them to do this in the trying of their horses, is by the manner in which they have their saddles made, for the weight of saddles is commonly judged of by their size.

The saddles kept in a racing establishment are made to vary in weight from those in common use. In making saddles to run and try in, the trees of them are occasionally leaded by the tree maker or saddler, agreeably to the directions either may receive from his employer; and a four-pound saddle in this way is made to weigh seven pounds. A seven-pound saddle is made to weigh a stone, and a stone saddle is made to weigh twenty-one pounds, or sometimes two stone. If these saddles are properly made, it is impossible to discover by the eye what weight they are.

These are mostly used for the horse to be tried in, and they are also used for the King's plate weights for horses to run in; and the number of them necessary to be kept, will depend on the extent of a racing establishment.

The web-girths, circingles, and stirrup-leathers for racing saddles, should be made in breadth, size, and substance, according to the weight of the saddle.

There is another way of making up the weights for horses to run and try in, when the jockeys are too light. This is done by fixing trusses on the seats of the saddles, and also on the thighs of the jockey, and they are sometimes made to go round his body; but when jockeys want but little to make up their weight, small bags of shot, weighing a pound each, or a piece of lead of the same weight, and bent to the form of the thigh, are carried in the jockey's breeches pocket.

Trusses are made by the saddlers, of blue and white striped bed-tick, (leather, I think, is preferable.) From that part of the truss which covers the pommel of the saddle, along the seat part which covers the cantle of the saddle, it is sewn in straight lines, leaving a sufficient space between the lines of about an inch and three quarters, or two inches at farthest. These spaces form what is usually called the pipes or truss into which the shot is put, that

is, when shot is made use of to load them with. The under or back part of the truss is generally made of leather, and fits over the cantle of the saddle. The upper edge of the tick is bound with leather; there are holes to be made in this and the lower part, which holes should be punched small and close. At this cantle part of the truss the shot is put in, and to prevent its escaping, these two edges are brought together by a strong leather lace. I do not approve of this plan, as, from a truss which has been long in use, and which has no other security than this lace, the shot may partly escape, from the pressure of the jockey and the concussion produced by the stride of the horse in running; the consequence of which would be that the jockey would come in short of weight, which should not be allowed to happen. I think the better and more secure way would be to put the shot in at the pommel; or perhaps, that which may be preferable to either, would be to have some canvass bags made, rather smaller than the pipes of the truss; fill these bags with the shot, and sew up the ends. They may then be put into the pipe of the truss, and the truss at the cantle part may then be sufficiently secured by the lace in the usual way.

This plan of making canvass bags will, I think, be found to be the most convenient way of loading the truss, as the training groom may now and then have occasion to make use of this same truss, for a purpose rather the reverse of that for which it was originally intended. But of this matter, I shall speak more fully when on the subject of trying the horses. To secure the truss to the saddle, there should be firmly attached to the former, four pieces of stout leather, with two holes punched in each piece. These pieces of leather should be placed one on each side of the broad part of the seat of the truss, and one on each side in front of the pommel part of it. These pieces meet similar ones which are attached to the saddle, and by the cantle part of the truss being made to fit over this part of the saddle, the truss is perfectly steady if secured with leather laces.

The weight of this sort of truss varies, as much depends on the size of the saddle with which it is to be used. It may be made to weigh from fourteen to twenty-one pounds.

There are also thigh trusses; these are for the purpose of jockeys making up their weight, when the weights they are going to ride do not run very high. But that these trusses may not inconvenience the jockey, they should not weigh more than six or eight pounds, three or four pounds on each thigh. They are made of the same materials, and upon much the same principles, as those used on the saddles. They should be made to fit round or bend to the front part of the jockey's thighs. If they are well made, and have straps properly attached to them, to go round the thighs and body of the rider, so as to keep each truss secure to the thigh, they are to be preferred to a saddle truss of the same weight, or even to the seat of the saddle being covered with lead; as the weight, being so carried, is not so dead on the horse's back, as it would be were it placed on the seat of the saddle. There are

also body trusses; they are of the same materials, and made in the form of a double shooting belt, and are buckled on round the waist. These latter are not often used, unless to make up with saddle and thigh trusses, the weight of a light jockey who may be going to ride for any of His Majesty's plates, or perhaps for a Welter stakes. The articles mentioned in this chapter, are generally made to the order of the training groom, by the saddler who lives in the neighbourhood of a racing establishment, and who is in the habit of working for race-horse stables—as at Newmarket, York, Doncaster, or Epsom. But when such things are made in London, I believe the saddler principally employed is Mr. Tate, in Upper Grosvenor-street; and bits and stirrups are generally procured from Mr. Latchford, in Piccadilly.

MANGE AND DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

MANGE is a cutaneous disease in dogs, very closely resembling itch in the human-species, but more inveterate, and is hereditary as well as contagious. Mr. Blaine, in his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," thus speaks of this nauseous complaint:—"Of all the causes which beget mange, and they are not few, the acrid effluvium from their own secretions is the most common; when it is generated by numbers, particularly when it is confined within a limited space, it is sure to appear. Close confinement of any dog will commonly produce it, and most certainly so if it be at the same time fed on salt provisions; thus there are few dogs on ship-board that do not contract it, except such as are allowed full liberty of the deck. Food too nutritive in quality, and too considerable in quantity, is productive of mange; and, on the contrary food in a great measure withheld, or being very poor in quality, is equally a parent of the disease." The same authority gives several receipts of medicine to be employed: the leading are—powdered sulphur four ounces; muriate of ammonia (sal-ammoniac) powdered, half an ounce; aloes powdered, one drachm; Venice turpentine, half an ounce; lard or other fatty matter, six ounces; the whole to be mixed and administered in boluses. In all bad cases, however, we should recommend no one to attempt doctoring his dog, but to apply to a regular practitioner.

The disease called the "distemper" is most common among dogs which are much kept in the house, and subjected to artificial treatment. The disorder is epidemical, affects the constitution, and is very difficult of removal. W. H. Scott, in his work on "British Field Sports," thus describes the symptoms of distemper in a young dog:—"Sudden loss of usual spirit, activity, and appetite; drowsiness, dulness of the eyes, and lying at length with the nose to the ground; coldness of the extremities, ears, and legs,

and heat of the head and body ; sudden emaciation, and excessive weakness, particularly in the hinder quarters, which begin to sink and drag after the animal ; an apparent tendency to evacuate from the bowels, a little at a time ; sometimes vomiting ; eyes and nose often, but not always, affected with a catarrhal discharge. In an advanced stage of the distemper, such symptoms will occur as spasmodic and convulsive twitchings, the nervous and muscular systems being materially affected ; giddiness and turning round, foaming at the mouth, and fits. The disease is then often taken for incipient madness, into which it might not improbably degenerate." The same authority adds—"I have found daily mild doses of from two to three grains of calomel alone, lapped by the animal in milk, continued for four or five days, with intermissions when necessary, fully sufficient to carry it safely through the disease, even when the fever has been very high. James's Powder has, however, always proved the most certain remedy." To aid recovery nourishing diet should be given. In cases of severity consult the veterinary surgeon.

TURF SCENES.

BY WILDRAKE.

THE TURF—who does not love it ?—Take the word in whatever sense you will, it is a monosyllable redolent of all things fresh and green.

Look first to nature's turf—I do not mean that *lackadaisical* stunt, by citizens termed "grass," but country TURF, with its soft carpeting of green, blooming with scattered posies of sweet wild flowers perfuming the passing breeze with odours which might make the choicest "essences" of Hendrie or Delcroix "hide their diminished bottles."—Who does not look with pleasure on its dewy diamonds sparkling and glistening in the bright rays of the rising sun ? Who does not joyfully inhale the sweet incense which forms its grateful offering to the refreshing shower ? As for myself—the gambols of my childhood have been ever merriest in nature's purest scenes. No flowers of the *parterre* ever pleased my eye as does the bank whereon the wild thyme blows—and when our mother earth shall clasp me in her last embrace, a grassy mound shall mark my resting-place,—and blessings wait upon the hand that plants a flower there.

But, hold hard ! I must ride sentiment with a double-rein, or I shall never reach the subject matter of my present purpose,—far different in meaning from its introduction, although in many points synonymous. Here, on our other turf do we see "greenness" in perfection ;—mushrooms spring up, and go by with the rapidity of

the real "moonshine vegetable."—How often does one heat fade many of the *freshest* flowers?—How often do fungi spring in the shadow of "the oaks"—and having loaded the air with teeming odors, burst before our eyes, and vanish for ever from our view?

The Turf scenes of England are sufficiently well-known to most of my readers, who must have seen them all at some time, from the all engrossing Derby on Epsom Downs, to the donkey-race upon the village green, where the last wins, and every man bestrides his neighbor's "Neddy." It is therefore to the Turf scenes of foreign lands, that I would turn their eyes, whilst I endeavor to sketch off their leading features.

Britain, taking a strong lead in the European Turf, is followed at a very respectful distance by all the other nations of her quarter of the globe. First comes lively France, who burlesques all our customs and then dubs them English, just as a Parisian cook will habitually make a short-eared pussy do duty for a long-eared one, until he really thinks that there can be no difference. Your correspondent "Master Harry" has given a very lively and truthful picture of Parisian racing in a late No. of the N.S.M., and not the least amusing item in the day's account was the number of glasses of *eau de vie* supplied to the police.

The best day's racing that I ever saw in "la belle France," was in the Champ de Mars, at Paris, on the occasion of the Fetes of July. Here, after an exhibition of racing, "A l'Anglaise," by great fat fellows in silk jackets, tights, and tops, with fronts to their caps as long as a pelican's bill,—ten or twelve horses were started without riders, after the Italian fashion, and it was a truly noble sight to see the jealous animals striving to outstrip each other with right good will, and a capital race they made of it. To this succeeded a Chariot Race of ancient "bijugæ"—the drivers being dressed in the old Roman costume, and standing up in their chariots; this was also a most exciting race, and only won "by a wheel."

Germany has its racing, and very good races are those of Gûstroe and Hamburgh. Hungary, too, finds patrons for the turf, and truly national, as well in costume as in kind, are the Annual "Native" Stakes at Pesth. Russia is beginning to follow suit, and promises right well.

Asia is far too celebrated for its horses, to admit of a suspicion of laxity in turf pursuits. In the Anglo Indian domains, however, there is an original mixture (if such a term can be allowed) of British customs baked beneath an Eastern sun until they have assumed a hue peculiarly their own, and worthy of a more detailed description.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolitan cities, things are managed in an orderly manner, the only striking peculiarity being the early hour at which the sports begin—viz., 6 a. m.; but in the Mofussil, namely, that part of Bengal, without the Ditch that surrounds the City of Palaces, and corresponding with what we term the "provinces," matters are managed differently, and though there is less observance of the "etiquette" of racing, there is, nevertheless, plenty of fun to be met with at an "up country" sta-

tion, that may perhaps boast a Queen's regiment, one or two of John Company's ditto, a judge, a clergyman, a European shop-keeper, and niggers, and Paria dogs *ad infinitum*.

There are few, if any, out-stations in India that do not keep up their annual race meeting—the propensity for going the pace becoming doubly apparent in the “rising generation,” on their putting their foot on India's shore. Youngsters who have seen the sort of thing at home, but whose purse or inclination kept them from pursuing the sport, no sooner find themselves out of parents' or pedagogues' control, than they are seized with an insatiable desire of distinguishing themselves in the pig's-skin, and every facility is afforded them for so doing. I know no feeling so delightful as possessing a horse of one's own for the first time, to say nothing of being master of some dozen niggers whom you may kick from the top of the house to the bottom, without the slightest chance of their even taken into their heads the slightest idea of putting a stop to such a proceeding. There is a pleasure in the latter that only those who have tried it can know. A month's bile is dispelled in each kick, and if it did not throw one into a rather disagreeable perspiration (with the thermometer at 100) it would have been worthy of the patronage of Sardanapalus himself. But to the horses. As soon as the youngster (griffins we call them in India until the first year and a day of their habitation in that “sweet spot” is out) finds he is possessed of a 250 rupee nag, he naturally reflects on the best way of making the said nag pay its expenses. Dosetgee Spavingee, the seller, having sworn by Koran's holy waters, and everything else swearable by, that he will beat anything in India with four legs.

For 250 rupees or £25, a man who has anything of an eye for a horse, can get a very decent piece of horse-flesh, either to carry him with the hounds or as a hack, of course,—country bred. An imported English hack, costing from £70 to £200, and an Arab £70 to £100; but the griffin, in his hurry to possess *something alive*, gets terribly taken in if he relies on his own judgment. However bad his Rosinante may be, the first thing he does is to match it for a mile or so for 100 rupees, or two six dozen chests of Hodgson's pale ale, which of course he loses (unless some other griffin has taken up the gauntlet, when the chances are even), and then he sends his horse to “Moore and Hickey's” (the Calcutta Tattersall's) to be knocked down to the highest bidder;—and so he goes on until the coin that he has been started with from an affectionate home, has found its way into the pockets of his “*knowing*” friends, and he commences life on a par with all around him—i. e. on tick. Calcutta is a far different place now, however, for getting either credit or money than it was formerly, some of the very obliging money lending niggers having been pretty severely bitten within the last few years. Bad luck to them! Horses are easily got on credit, however, particularly by the griffin, who has not had time to accumulate very heavy debts since his arrival, and by his giving an I. O. U. for double the value of his purchase. Having provided himself in this manner, and having bought a little experi-

ence at the metropolis, off he goes to join his regiment in the Mofussil.

Such is a specimen of the gents who keep up our national pastime in the *out-stations* of India, except in the more considerable ones, as Cawnpore, Rishnagar, &c., where the races are first-rate.

Some two months previous to a meeting in the Mofussil, you may see some dozen or twenty animals having their legs galloped off every morning, buried in no end of blankets and "kopraë," and bestridden by their owners, for his racing jacket, has heard that the commandant's daughter has who endeavour to look as much like grooms as a nigger tailor can make them. This is called the training. A fine time is this for the aforesaid European shop-keeper; the ensign, who has chosen light blue silk whispered her admiration of pink and white, and has changed accordingly. Another who has ordered a yellow velvet, with black foxes' heads on it to look "sporting," having been called to his face a d—d fool for his pains, challenges the "caller," gets drunk, and takes his advice. Whips are at an awful premium; any money offered for spurs; top-boots hung up in the most conspicuous place in the bungalow; all the sporting periodicals that can be collected thrown significantly on the table—nothing talked of but Newmarket, Jem Robinson, and the colour of his jacket. Such are the prognostications of a genuine up-country race meeting. Various lotteries, moreover, are made, and various dozens of pale ale drank—various cheroots smoked—and various opinions as to So and So's *hoss* (it would be highly out of fashion to say *horse* at present) winning the Ladies' Plate. The lotteries are filled—the stakes made up—the riders happy and sanguine—the horses half galloped off all the legs they ever had—and the day dawns bright on the deeds it is to witness. The evening before everybody gave a party—everybody talked loud and big—and everybody was so brave and—tipsy. Alas! alas! the morning sees a man putting on his silk jacket as uncomfortably as if it was a strait-waistcoat, and stepping into his top-boots with as seeming unhappiness as if they were his coffin. One might suppose a slight degree of "funk" was suddenly instilled into our hero's hearts; but no—away with the idea! no one could suppose such a thing who heard them talk six hours ago.

However, "slowly and sadly" apparently, they wend their way to the race-course, where the sight of a multitude of niggers assembled to witness their performances, does not add to their comfort. All the "beauty and fashion" of the station are in the stand; alas! they smile in vain on those in silk and satin. Oh! Griff! Griff! why wilt and must thou ever be making thyself unhappy, uncomfortable, and often ridiculous, for the mere sake of endeavouring to do what thou never canst do as well as a livery stable keeper's under groom? Consider this, Oh, Griff! and ask thyself if it be not true.

After some hours' delay, perhaps, the first lot are got off, and after a most amusing scene of crossing, jostling and bolting, and

after we have begun to imagine that they have started never to return, the first animal comes floundering in, twenty lengths ahead, all having started at speed, and kept it up as long as it would last. Happy, happy youth is he that is borne on the back of the winner—his fame is made for ever! Smiles and bravoës are for him alone! Of course it was *he* who won; what could the *horse* have to do with winning? What envy he excites in the beaten ones! but, singularly enough, all *their* horses had something the matter with them on this particular morning, or they *must* have won. However, he is monarch of all he surveys, and heaven knows when we should hear the end of his praises sung by himself, did not some dry old sporting Qui Hi, disinterestedly ask him for a “lock of his hair,” which silences the chap-fallen conqueror in an instant.

The next race on the list is the Cheroot Stakes, which signifies that each rider is to light a cheroot or cigar, at starting, and unless it still holds a light when he passes the winning post, he is declared distanced. The weighing being finished, the cheroots are duly lighted, the more knowing ones having steeped their cheroots in a solution of saltpetre for two or three days previously, to better hold the fire. It presents rather a ludicrous spectacle to see some dozen fellows mounted in silks and tops, puffing away like so many miniature steam-boilers previous to the start, looking for the most part as if they enjoyed it, and no doubt they do, until put into motion by that very important little word in the racing vocabulary, “Off!” when it becomes a very different business. Half-choking, before he has gone a hundred yards, you see a rider’s hand leave the reins, or drop the whip, and seize the cigar with desperation—two seconds more, and it will be out, pop it goes into the mouth again—to revive at the expense of the fumigator’s feelings—and at the half mile his cigar is out—his horse has done all it had in it to do, and the rider does not return to the stand (perhaps he has his reasons). The remainder go along puffing desperately, and regardless of consequences, one more experienced than the rest, keeps the lead, thereby sending his smoke into the faces of those behind him, independently of their own. At last, in they come, in a cloud, amid the deafening hurrahs of the wonder-stricken niggers, who seem to say, and no doubt would say, if they had ever heard it,—

“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s ‘cloud,’
Without our special wonder!”

But, blood and *turf*! what ails the youth whose gallant steed first bore him past the goal of victory? Alas! he is the picture of death on his pale horse, white and shivering he dismounts, and gulps down a glass of proffered pale ale, then complains of fatigue, and of the last night’s “keeping it up.” It is every thing but the real thing, the very natural cause having been the swallowing some fifty mouthfuls of tobacco smoke, during the winning of the said cheroot stakes—To him congratulations are unheard—bright smiles lose their charms—even the stakes he has won are for a moment

forgotten, and as soon as possible, he "leaves the gay and festive scene," with a *fixed* determination never to smoke again, and with a very *unfixed* state of "internal" arrangement.

I never could understand the reason why people will take the utmost pains to put themselves to every inconvenience and discomfort, to suffer, and be laughed at, without one single advantage to recompense them in return, unless it is that perversity of human nature, so peculiar and becoming to the swine genus. Forgive my digression, kind reader! I'm a bit of a philosopher, or rather moralist. The last race of the day is the Cocked Hat Stakes, which is another fancy of our Eastern sportsmen. This race consists in each jockey being furnished with a cocked hat in lieu of a racing cap, which, if dropped, or blown off in the race, causes its owner to be distanced. The appearance of a large field of these cocked hats is grotesque in the extreme, and as they are not allowed to be tied under the chin, one hand finds occupation in keeping them on the head. It affords much fun, and, after all, that is what is more sought after than real legitimate sport in India.

In such manner our "*youths*" manage to amuse themselves in the provinces of India, despite a burning sun, and the chances of a puckah fever; and fortunate it is that such amusements are still within their reach, as they, for a moment, wean the mind from longing after dearer objects in their father-land, and enable them to feel, though for a time, happiness even in their banishment. During the races—dinners, balls, and bachelors' parties occupy the later hours of the day. Here the lucky winner again rides his race over to his fair partner of the dance, and receives her approving smiles with as much delight as he pocketed the sweepstakes, or he hears his health drank, and his future success, at the hospitable board of the "Great Man" of the station; and hours of happiness glide on—hours that he never forgets through years of toil and vicissitudes—not even when he returns to his native land, "a browner and a better man."

REMARKS ON THE MERITS OF THE YOUNG ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THERE seldom appeared on the Turf three animals more worthy of renown than Touchstone, Bay Middleton, and Elis. The first of these, as all the world knows, combined great speed and stoutness; two faculties exhibited in his winning the Ascot and Doncaster Cups; the other two have scarcely less fame as being most speedy three year olds, and every sportsman must well remember their tremendous race for the 2000 guineas, which Bay Middleton won; after which, the one carried off the Derby and the other the Leger.

This year first introduces to our notice their produce as three year olds, and it is seldom that the same year brings to the notice and choice of breeders the stock of three equally valuable and highly-bred nags. From Touchstone we get the stoutest blood, combining as he does the Whalebone, and Master Henry stoutness; and from each of the others the Selim blood, generally considered speedy.

Auckland and Jack were the two first who appeared of Touchstone's stock as two year olds and winners; Bay Middleton's bad-legged son, Johnny Faa, by great luck carried off the rich Stake, at Goodwood; and Elis's daughter, Passion, by carrying off the Chesterfield and a stake at Goodwood, gave great promise of future excellence, which has entirely ceased in her three year old form.

As three year olds, however, we have a greater variety on the green sward, and a few words with respect to them may not be out of place. Of all the young ones, the Touchstone's hitherto bear away the bell, and if any one inspected the three fillies, Lady Adela, Celia, and Dilbar, when stripped for the Oaks, he must indeed be particular, who did not consider them very superior in form and general racing-like qualities. The former of these was dead amiss for the Oaks, but her winning the Steward's Cup, at Goodwood, giving three pounds to Misdeal, who ran very well there, showed her to be not a bad one. Celia, too, won her two races at Ascot, and Dilbar won the Nassau Stakes, at Goodwood, besides two at the Spring Newmarket Meetings. Between these two, however, the game has been up and down, as at Ascot Celia beats Dilbar, and at Goodwood *vice versa*.

Besides these fillies I must not omit to mention that Auckland and Jack did not disgrace their sire when stripped for the Derby. Auckland though a lazy goer is a fine powerful horse, and has, when extended, a very great stride. He ran very gamely for the Derby, when he was far from up to the mark, and won two races and ought to have won a third at Ascot. It is seldom that a three year old likes hard racing on three consecutive days, and it is to be feared that from that cause Auckland has for this season taken leave of the green sward. Jack has not yet shown well, but ought from his stoutness to improve and make a cup horse. Rosalind is another neat mare of Touchstone's get, and a winner. Take him all in all, Touchstone may well be considered as an acquisition to the turf in the greatest degree.

I now come to the rivals—Bay Middleton and Elis, and of these at present it is difficult to say which will prove the best. Bay Middleton has had the greatest chances of any young stallion, as no less than fifty-two of his stock are deeply engaged, which is double those of Elis's and treble those of Touchstone's.

The unfortunate result of his stock at present to Lord G. Bentinck is a terrible thing; what with deaths and the utter worthlessness of the animals deeply engaged; among whom Farintosh, a remarkably fine colt, but a roarer ought not to be omitted. Bay Middleton is himself a large lengthy horse, with splendid quarters,

indifferent middle-piece and fore legs and a head like a battering-ram. It is singular how his stock take after him, especially Gunter, The Puncher, Fly-trap, and Tedworth; three of which were winners early in the year, but have since turned out most wretchedly, as have also Tiptoe, Ballet, Deerslayer, Don't-say-No; in fact, all but Aristides, who may be a good one, and is out of a good mare, Dr. Caius's dam.

Elis's crack daughter, Passion, having left her running with her two-year-old form, we have nothing of his out this year, worthy of much notice, except Lucy Banks, who managed, by mistake, to beat Satirist.

To go a step back in the racing world to those stallions of fame, who a little preceded these three cracks; we find this year's Oaks carried off by the daughter of a very speedy horse, Bran (who ran second to Touchstone for the St. Leger), and Meal, another daughter of his, running second.

Bran's stock have shown a good deal of running, and won several stakes; among them, Combermere ought not to be forgotten.

I think that Glaucus and Muley Moloch, have but little answered the expectation of the many who favoured them with their patronage.

Colwick, from the success of Attila, is most deservedly on the ascendant. He is particularly suited for the Newmarket courses, and will, I think, be a bijou to my Lord of Exeter.

Among our this year's Two Year-olds, there is a fresh lot of stallions brought to our notice. Of these, the best are Jereed, Slane, Bretby, Gladiator, Inheritor, and Hornsea. The first two have the chief claims, the one from his blood, the other for his stoutness. Bretby is one of the few remains we have of the matchless Priam; Gladiator is much thought of, and his yearlings, last year, at Doncaster, brought high prices. Inheritor, from his Lottery blood, and his own stoutness, is worthy of regard, and Hornsea has a considerable chance from his want of power and good form, to be the lag of the party. Can any breeder complain that we have no good horses left in England? RED ROVER.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

THE HORSE AND THE HOUND.

BY NIMROD.

"A HORSE! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Prolific is the word horse! "The Horse, in all his varieties," by John Lawrence, "The Horse," by the Society for the confusion of "Useful Knowledge," "Adventures of a Jack-ass in search of a Horse," "Treatise on the Horse," by Richard Lawrence, "Nimrod on the

Condition of the Horse," "Percival on the Lameness of the Horse," "Stewart's Hints to the Purchaser of a Horse," "The Horse and the Dog," by John Scott, and now the "Horse and the Hound," by Nimrod. Like the parson's grace to the oft repeated rabbit dinner.

"For rabbits hot, rabbits cold,
Rabbits young, rabbits old,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord we've had enough."

The work before us is a comprehensive sweep of all that Nimrod has ever read, or written, or heard, or thought, on this very fruitful subject—of much useful matter, with a great deal of mere filling up.

Chapter I., contains a treatise on the valuable properties of the horse,—properties that no one disputes—and then the author gives us the reasons for the use of the horse being prescribed to the Israelites, (we see D'Israeli on one every day,) interspersed with Greek and Latin quotations—then he discourses on the difficulty of determining what country we are indebted to for our native horse, and winds up with an essay on the superiority of the British breed.

Chapter II. is devoted to the Race Horse, of which Nimrod knows little, and he concludes it by a fling at John Lawrence, who he thinks knows less—our author is not at home on the Turf.

In Chapter III. he gets more at home. It is headed "The Hunter," and is illustrated with a portrait of a grey horse, called "Chance," the property of "Howland Errington, Esq." a gentleman we do not remember to have heard of before. In this chapter, Nimrod amusingly quotes Nimrod—"In a work," says he, "called 'Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters,' is the following passage, &c."—surely the work of revision should have been adopted here. Under this head of "The Hunter," we have some of the best matter in the book.

We cannot say we admire Mr. Cooper's portrait of "The Hackney," which follows. "A Cob" would have been a better title to the plate. "A cob fit to carry a castle" as we sometimes see philanthropically advertised in the papers.—Stable management of course holds a prominent place in the work—summering, the hunter in particular. Of the summering, little need be said, Nimrod having repeated the same opinion so often as to render the indoor plan familiar to all. "The cold water cure" seems to have found its way into stables, as at p. 213, we find three or four applications per diem recommended to the legs.

We now trot past the chapter on race riding, and arrive at one in the undoubted province of Nimrod—"the hound." Here Nimrod is at home, and discourses learnedly and well on symmetry, size, distemper, kennel management, colour, the tongue or cry of hounds, age, separation of sexes, naming of hounds, and the value of a pack, making Lord Suffield, however, give four thousand guineas for Mr. Ralph Lambton's, being a cool thousand more than the fact.

The rest is chiefly compilation, some from Beckford, some from Col. Cook, some from Nimrod, some from a Mr. Hawkes (magnified into an authority), some from other writers in this Magazine, some from Davis's Hunters' Annual, some from the Oxford Journal, some from the venerable "Gentleman's Recreation," some from Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports, some from Mr. Chafin's anecdotes respecting Cranbourne Chase; and the whole is wound up with a long essay on the law of warranty, a thing which nobody knows anything about

On the whole, we do not think this work worth resuscitation.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

THE WRITINGS OF "J. CYPRESS, JR."

SPORTING SCENES AND SUNDRY SKETCHES, being the Miscellaneous Writings of the late Wm. P. Hawes, Esq., known as "J. Cypress, Jr." Edited by Frank Forester. New York, Gould, Banks, & Co.; 2 vols. 12mo.

UNDER the above title is comprised a selection from the writings of the late Mr. HAWES, of this city, one of the most popular correspondents of this magazine, whose papers have been arranged for the press by his friend FRANK FORESTER, another gifted correspondent of the "Register." The following notice of the work—in itself one of the most readable books of the season—is from the pen of a third correspondent of ours,—a gentleman of high literary taste and discernment, who furnished it originally for the "Daily Plebeian," of this city. Our readers will be gratified to learn that among the papers of the late Mr. Hawes, were found several original articles written for this magazine—among others a continuation of "*A Week at the Fire Islands on Long Island.*" The publication of the series has therefore been resumed from the work, the title of which has just been quoted, and which is critically noticed in the following felicitous terms:—

These are no mere sportsman's books, any more than the complete angler of old Walton, or the "Salmonia" of Sir Humphrey Davy are mere encyclopædias for the fisherman. It is the charm of those delightful works, that they are imbued with a calm, though deep philosophy. The still soft music of humanity breathes through their every page. Their authors literally "see books in the running brooks"—books teeming with living and delightful lessons. The quaint simplicity of old Izaak, makes us long to hug the hale old man to our hearts; and in our rambles with Davy, the philosopher in his fishing-jacket inspires us with a more kindly admiration than the same philosopher in his professor's chair. So, of glorious old Kit North, when his feet are beautiful on the mountains—his spirits exalted by their heather-scented airs—all book-begot cobwebs brushed from his brain—and the stalwart sexagenarian stands erect, the personification of true-hearted sportsmanship.

Oh, for a week among the hills and glens, in companionship with the mighty Christopher ! It were worth a life's lease to enjoy, and another life's lease to batten on its recollections.

If there ever was a man worthy of being linked with this glorious brotherhood, that man was poor Cypress. He had a touch of the qualities of each—the unaffected quaintness of Walton, the scholarship of Davy, and the poetry of Wilson—and in humor surpassing them all, while in no respect the imitator or copyist of either. It sometimes strikes us as if he and Charles Lamb had pored over old books together, and transfused each other's thick coming fancies. But the gentle Elia's thoughts seemed to be circumscribed by certain geographical limits. They went not beyond the sound of Bow-bells. He reversed the oft-quoted rule, and considered the town as created first and best, and the country as a sort of after-thought, manufactured merely for the recreation of the city. Wooded hills and trout streams belonged not to his poetical paradise. It was remarked by the lady of Sir Walter Scott, in reply to her husband, who had indulged in a poetic rapture on the innocence, gentleness, and grace of a flock of frolicking lambkins, that "they were excellent with mint sauce." So with Elia. Albeit a poet, and alive to poetic influences, the very water-fowl which Bryant has wrapped in solemn and glorious verse, would have been to him nothing more nor less than a fat goose, created for no possible purpose but to be eaten. Could we imagine the mental constitution of Elia to be so changed as to be in the country what he was in the city, alive to all the impulses of soul or sense from objects around him, enduing them with human thoughts and instincts, communing with them as if they were sentient beings, and mixing himself with their way of life, their cares, and their pleasures—and with a more expanded benevolence than the Roman poet, thinking not only nothing human, but nothing *living*, was foreign to him, to what new intellectual feasts would he not have invited us ?

It is here that Cypress, whose spirit was in other respects akin to that of Lamb, shows himself endowed with capabilities to which Lamb was a stranger. The "Observations concerning Quail" could never have been written by Lamb, though he might have written a very similar article upon a subject of a very different nature. But such a subject would never have awakened his inspiration. In relation to the article alluded to, there is nothing within the sphere of our reading at all comparable to it, and we question whether its parallel can be found written in the range of English literature.

We cannot but think that the able editor of these volumes, than whom none more truly knew and appreciated the peculiar merits of Hawes' writings, has selected a title which—to the mass—may be uninviting. Let us repeat, that they are far, very far, from being mere sportsman's volumes, and that many of the most charming sketches have nothing in common with sporting scenes. While to the educated sportsman they will be a source of pleasure, not unmingled with instruction, and an additional incentive to the pursuit of his pure and manly amusements, to the general reader, the scho-

lar, the appreciator of rich and racy humor, the admirers of a style singularly original, and yet unaffected in its originality; in a word, to the lover of good things, they present a fund of amusement such as is rarely to be found. Even the politician will not go unrewarded, for there are good-humored and piquant satires upon men and things familiar to politicians, that will awaken many pleasant recollections of by-gone political struggles. The book-learning will find a man of their own kin, one whose learning was drawn from an early and deeply filled reservoir, a learning which brightened and illustrated all that it shone on. His humor welled out of its own will, from fresh and never failing springs, and his pathos came all warmly from a heart that overflowed with kindness. Each and all will find an American book in the strictest sense, a work so indigenous, so native to the soil, so faithfully descriptive of American scenes and peculiarities, that we can hardly conceive that any but an American could by possibility have been its author. At all events, any man but an American must have required the training of long, long years to have accomplished it.

Here we find the only true portrait of a regular Long Island South Side Bay man, that has yet been produced, and the likeness is so perfect, that future limners can add nothing to its fidelity. This subject Hawes has made his own, peculiarly his own. We marvel that neither Cooper nor Irving has made the attempt. The latter has slightly sketched, but by no means with his usual happiness and grace, some of the characteristics of the Long Island negro. But it is after all, merely the *genus* negro, not the Long Island species, and about as much like the real animal as the Jim-along-Joseys, Zip Coons, Jim Crows, and similar caricatures of the circus and the menagerie. But Leather-Stocking is not more a peculiar and characteristic being, than the South Side Bay man. Right glad are we that no bungler has disfigured his strongly and strangely marked lineaments, and that the first hand that has made his counterfeit presentment has done it so effectually, that all attempts to improve it must of necessity be failures. He knew his men. He was much among them, and while among them, was *of* them, an enjoyer of their sports, a fellow feeler of their cares and pleasures, a fellow traveller over their odd trains of thought, a manly endurer not only, but a hearty sharer in their little privations, and a counsellor when counsel was wanting in matters beyond their simple learning. How could he fail? Their looks, their gesticulations, their queer phrases, their superstitions had become his as well as theirs, and in describing them he had only "to speak right on" and be sure of being true to them and to nature. He stands forth as the laureate of the Bay-man, and any attempt to tear that laurel from his brow, will be as vain as it will be ruthless.

Mr. Hawes was—as the very manner of publishing these articles proves—careless of literary notoriety. Deeply imbued with the spirit of literature, a ripe and good scholar, a daily communer with the master-intellects—"the mighty minds of old," the cares of a laborious profession left him but little leisure for literary re-

creation. But that leisure was well employed. But never regarding authorship as a profession, he took no care to nurse his fame. The tricks of professional authorship were unknown to him, and even had he known them, he never would have practised them. The pieces comprised in this collection were mostly free-will offerings to friends, and he cared more for the kind opinions of a small circle that now deplores his loss, than for the applause of the million. As they successively appeared, they were caught up with avidity, published and re-published in England, with well-merited plaudits. But there, as here, while the writings were read and admired, the author was comparatively unknown, and his share of *personal* reputation was necessarily limited. Had he made literature his sole pursuit, wide spread and enduring fame would certainly have been his; but whether those appliances which are more necessary than fame, would have been secured to him, is one of those sad uncertainties, which, to our national discredit, seem almost necessarily attached to a literary life.

We cannot leave these volumes without further comments on their rare attractions; but we must reserve our remarks until another day. Meanwhile let us add that upon their sale depends in some degree the comfort of a widow and orphans. Can we say more?

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND.

BY THE LATE "J. CYPRESS, JR."

Resumed from Volume XI., page 235, of the "Register."

"Scythia est quo mittimur, inquam:
Roma relinquenda est: utraque justa mora est."

OVID'S TRISTIA, 3d El.

"Boys," said Ned Locus, "did I ever tell you about my journey to the Lanjan Empire?"

"I never heard you"—"Lan what?"—"Go it!"—"Now for a yarn," and several other interjectional questions and answers broke, simultaneously, from the lips of the attentive audience.

"That's a very interesting country," simpered the tiger. "Won't you take a drink before you start, Mr. Locus?"

"Thank you, thank you, Cypress.—Well, boys—hem!"—and Ned got under way as follows:—

"I had always from my earliest boyhood, a vehement desire to travel and see the world; and whatever other of my studies may have been slighted, I certainly was not neglectful of my geography and hydrography. Books of travel, of any sort of respectability

and authenticity, I devoured ; from Sinbad the Sailor, down to the modernest, pert, self-sufficient affectations of our own expressly deputed readers of guide-books, and retailers of family gossip. Still, however, I was unsatisfied. I longed to be an actor, not a mere looker on ; a doer, not a reader of exploits. In this particular taste, my revered father chose to differ from me, by the distance of several continents. While I sighed for locomotion, and the transmutation of the precious metals into foreign novelties, the dearest care of that respected person was,

“ ‘ T’ increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.’ ”

“ If, in the glow of my imagination, I spoke of Columbia river, Central Africa, Chinese Tartary, Ultima Thule, or any other reasonable, and desirable region for exploration, the old man would shake his head, and tell me that he was responsible for my future standing in society ; and that he could not permit me to go abroad until my habits were formed. ‘ Besides, my son,’ he would add, ‘ travelling costs money, and your education is not yet complete, and exchange is up, and stocks are down, and you’re rather irregular, and—and you had better wait.’ Wait, therefore, I had to, until I had finished my collegiate experiences, and pocketed my alma mater’s certificate, that my habits *were* formed, and that I was a youth distinguished for my learning, brains, and good behaviour, and all that : or, as Cypress would say, until the ‘ *hoc tibi trado*’ of jubilee commencement-day was poured into my ear, and with all becoming and appropriate solemnity, I was consecrated an A. B. My passion for cosmopolitism burned, now, fiercer than ever. I petitioned, and sulked, and flattered, and fretted, and moved earth and heaven, or tried to,

“ ‘ And Heaven,—at last,—granted what my sire denied.’ ”

For it pleased heaven to put it into the heads of the navy department to appoint my uncle, Captain Marinus Locus, Commodore of a relief-squadron that was to go out to the Mediterranean ; and about a year after my graduation, the flag-ship Winnipissiago dropped her anchor at the place of rendezvous off the Battery, having on board my excellent, excellent uncle :—

“ ‘ My uncle,
My father’s brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.’ ”

He was a jolly old cock, liberal, free-hearted, hated trade, and grace before meals, and though he was a strict disciplinarian aboard ship, he liked an adventure on shore as well as any body, provided only he was sure of not being found out. He was a great admirer of the morality of Lycurgus, inculcated in his precepts for the education of boys, and his darling maxim was, that there was no such thing as abstract sin, and that the iniquity of iniquity consisted in the bad example.

“ During the time of his waiting for the rest of the squadron,

he was often at my father's house, and I had frequent opportunities for the enjoyment of his conversation. It is not to be wondered that my heart grew to him, and that I became unhappy with desire of a situation aboard his frigate. As propitious fortune would have it, he took an equal fancy for me, and noting the violence of my marine propensity, he interceded with my father, and offered to give me a berth, and a share at mess, during his cruise, and offered me all possible facilities for seeing the country, without putting me or mine to any expense, except for the necessary outfit. As this course of travel would not require much disbursement, and as my habits were by this time quite confirmed, the kind old gentleman was persuaded to let me go.

"Well, Ned," said he, one morning, after breakfast, and a tear stood in his eye, 'I've traded you off. You may go with your uncle. He has been begging, and hammering me, for a fortnight, and last night he offered me a quarter cask of Juno, and said he would take good care of you, and watch over your behavior and so forth, and so I told him he might have you. There, the secret is broken.'

"So is my heart," said my mother, sobbing.

"So is his coffee-cup," chuckled the old gentleman, pointing to the fragments, which my surprise and delight had strewn upon the floor.

"Remember, now, my son," continued the old gentleman, and then he read me a lecture containing the essence of all that Solomon ever said to Rehoboam, with the addition of a digest of the more modern maxims of parental wisdom, down to the date of the discourse. It was a precious mixture. I took it with all becoming meekness, and in the agitation and affliction produced by the notification that I 'soon should be on the boundless ocean, far, far from the tender watchfulness of parental kindness,' I stuck my fingers into my mouth, and then applied their watery ends to my eyes;—not anticipating the dialogue, I was unprovided with an onion. The old gentleman at last got through, finishing with an injunction that really made me cry, because I did not dare to laugh.

"Not least of all," said he, 'be thankful for being born in a country, where you, though only a private citizen, and one possessed of no peculiar merit, may accomplish your travels as a passenger on board a public ship. *It doesn't cost any thing.* Uncle Sam pays the whole shot; and you can go to Dan, and Beersheba, and all the other cities up the Mediterranean, and write your travels, and I shall not be out of pocket a penny. I shan't have to advance you a cent. That's what I look at.'

"Sponge!" thought I, a little startled, but I prudently kept my peace.

"The rest of the discourse,—the parting,—the sailing,—the deep, deep sea,—whales,—water-spouts,—Cape St. Vincent,—hurricane,—chicken-coop, and two men overboard,—Gibraltar,—duel between two midshipmen,—monks of Palermo,—Mount Ætna,—earthquake of Catania,—Dromio of Syracuse,—Cape Matapan,—Bozzaris,—

Greek pirates,—Colossus of Rhodes,—Smyrna,—and so forth, I pass over. Suffice it to say, that we finally arrived in the Levant, and cast our cable in the neighborhood of Cyprus."

"Cypress? Cypress?" asked Venus Raynor. "What, any relation to our Mr. Cypress here?"

"No, no; near the island of Cyprus. Cyprus! beautiful isle! In what glorious Majesty stood thy old Olympus. How fragrantly from thy hill came down the odor of thy orange-groves and grapevines, mingling with the wind-borne scent of thy hyacinths, and anemonies! Land of generous wine, and glowing beauty! Birth-place of Venus!"—

"Hullo, Ned! hullo! what's thee up to now?" cried Oliver.

"It's lie," pronounced master Peter. "Venus was born at Raynor South. I knowed his father. Have my doubts it's a lie."

"That's what the family Bible says," muttered the name-sake of the goddess, getting a little angry.

"Don't bother me, you fool," said Ned, snappishly, and putting his hand over Peter's mouth. "I did not mean this *he* Venus; no, but her, the queen of beauty, the mother of love, Paphia,—Cythera,—Aphrodite,—emerging from old ocean's wave—"

"*'Emersam ex undis Venerem,'* as Stephanus Forcatulus hath it, Ned," I took the liberty of suggesting: fearing that he would tire out the boys with his raptures. "I thought it was Cythera, where the zephyrs carried the foam-born goddess. You had better go on with the story. How far is it to the Lanjan Empire?"

"Pardon, pardon, boys, for rearing up, and caracoling, in this irregular fashion. No, Cypress, Cyprus. Only Hesiod says Cythera. And you, certainly, won't put nis 'theogony' in competition with the judicious Tully's 'de natura Deorum,'—I will try, now, to be less episodic. But whenever I think of Cyprus, my bosom swells with the same feelings that half overwhelmed me when first I breathed the air from its beautiful shore; and my heart jumps within my body just as my legs did upon the upper deck of the Winnipissiago, when young Bob Shelley, a midshipman, for whom I had formed the fondest friendship, was relieved from his watch, and came up where I was listlessly lounging.

"We'll go ashore to-night, Bob," said I, rubbing my hands between my knees, 'and taste some Cyprian—'

"No; nor wine nor women," interrupted Bob, despondingly. 'The old man has given orders that not a soul quit ship to-night. All shore-boats are to be prohibited from approaching within thirty yards.'

"Why, the d——d old tyrant! what's in the wind now?"

"Can't say;—shouldn't be surprised if we were off to the coast of Africa before morning: you know his way.'

"Well, well; I'll go ashore;—yes," said I, at that moment catching the eye of a Greek fisherman who was sculling upon the edge of the tabooed distance, and who seemed to understand our conversation and wishes; 'I'll be cursed if I don't go ashore. Dare you go along? When is your next watch? Can't you steal two or three hours?'

"‘I may. I—may. But we must wait until night; we would be observed now. It will soon be dark.’

"As Bob spoke, we observed the skiff of the fisherman glide swiftly towards the ship, and her minute figure was soon lost under the shade of our giant stem. The tongue is not the only maker of assignments. My eyes met those of Palinurus once more, and we had a perfect understanding upon the subject of our wished-for visit to the shore.

"Night came, and we found our wily Cypriot under the fore-chains; and we were soon at a miniature little city, built upon a promontory, that jutted out towards the ship, and which seemed to welcome our approach by the louder swelling strains of various music, and happy-hearted laughter. That night—that night!—I cannot tell the incidents of that night now.—No—never—never. We got back safely, however, and, as good fortune would have it, undiscovered, and unsuspected. Not having been found out, I went to my hammock with a quiet conscience, as indeed, with such a consolation, after what had happened, I was bound to do, aboard the commodore’s ship. The next morning, however, changed the face of affairs; the non-intercourse regulation was repealed, and free trade and sailors’ rights let the crew ashore, and a dark-browed Frank, the keeper of the cassino, where we danced the night before, aboard. The old man was in his cabin. Bob ran up into the main-top, and I turned into my nest. Bob was on the sick-list at his next watch. I myself was exceedingly disposed to be under the weather, and out of the way of recognition, and identification by the sorrowful host of ‘*the three spears*.’ But the next morning the ship stood away for the opposite coast of Africa, and we happily recovered. I got well just in time to see the devil in the old man’s eyes, as I walked up towards him, in obedience to his summons.

"‘Sick! nephew, ha?’ he began, half frowning, half sneering. I felt sick at heart, indeed. But when he asked me what had made me sick, and I replied that I attributed it to eating too many Cyprian oranges, he shut his eyes half up, and glimmering at me, sidewise, he turned slowly upon his heel, rapped the rattan in his hand hard upon his leg, and walked away. I saw it was all over.

"About six bells A.M., the officers, with myself, were all called aft.

"‘Gentlemen,’ said the old man, looking black and dignified as an incipient thunder-squall, ‘I regret that any individual under my command should disgrace the national flag, by riot, and violence in a foreign port; but much more do I regret that any officer of the Winnipissiago should so far forget his duty to his country, and his commander, as to break the order of the day.’ Then he ripped out a few appropriate *juramenta-juramentorum*—that is, *whoppers*, boys. After letting off steam, he went ahead again.

"‘My good friend, Kapitanos Antistratikos, the American consul for Famagusta, and keeper of a highly respectable cassino there, informs me that two persons from the Winnipissiago——

but no matter; that will be for charges and specifications. Here; who'—pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket—'owns this piece of documentary evidence? Mr. Shelley, will you do me the favor to read the name of the happy proprietor?'

"With what a savage sneer the old man put the question! I quailed and trembled, I knew that Bob had lost his handkerchief in the scuffle, and faint, very faint was the hope that his ingenuity could excuse us. As to the offence itself, that was nothing, in reality, in the old man's judgment, compared with the sin of our leaving our tracks behind us, so that we were sure of being detected.

"'Guilty sir,' said Bob, touching his hat. He knew that there was no humbugging the old man. 'The document is my own.'

"'Enough. A court-martial will no doubt give due honor to your unofficer-like conduct. Consider yourself arrested—that is all, gentlemen. Pipe down.'

"'Mr. Locus,'—and the old man bowed to me with an ineffably increased *suaviter in modo*,—'your tongue need not confess that you were Mr. Shelley's companion. Your buttermilk face has saved that member the trouble. You will quit the ship at the first land we make. That ought, in my opinion, to be *the rule in Shelley's case*. So much for your comfort.—I promised your father to take good care of you; I shall keep my word, for I shall shortly leave you in *Grand Cairo*.—D—n you, sir, do you laugh?—that's no pun. I never made a pun in my life.'

"'Is our friendship, then, sir,' said I, 'forever annihilated?'

"'Exactly, nephew. It ends at the mouth of the Nile, where we shall shortly drop both you and our anchor. I have only one word of advice to give you; it is, look out for the crocodiles, and don't eat too many oranges. Good morning.'

"I could have burst into tears, but Bob came running up to me, and grasping my hand, cried, 'Bear it like a man. They'll cashier me, and I'll get permission to quit the ship with you; we'll travel together and seek our fortunes.' Generous fellow!

"Bob was correct in his anticipations; he was found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. His petition to the old man to be allowed to accompany me was readily granted, and about dusk, that evening, we were landed on the coast of Africa, near the western mouth of the Nile, a few miles from Rosetta, and about eighty miles north-west from Grand Cairo. We slept that night at the hovel of a Jew, and early in the morning started upon our journey. We had nothing to encumber us but the clothes upon our backs, our fowling-pieces, and Bob's favorite fiddle. The last article we brought along, as the means of earning our livelihood until we could get into some regular employment. Our pistols and dirks we had of course secured, together with a few pieces of gold. With these appointments we started for the great city of the Nile.

"Not being much used to walking, we progressed only thirty miles the first day, and at the setting of the sun, rested under a sycamore tree, to dispose of our frugal meal of dates. Our repast was here suddenly interrupted by the appearance of three maraud-

ing Bedouins, who dashed in upon us on their beautiful Arabs, cutting and slashing at us with their sparkling cimeters. We very coolly cut two of them down in a flash, with the first shot from our pistols. The third fellow turned his horse and dashed his rowels into his bloody flanks. But we gave him, each, the other barrel, and tumbled him off, with one bullet in the elbow of his sword-arm, and the other in the small of his back. We then helped ourselves to a few miscellaneous articles, that could have been of no further service to them, and buried their bodies in the sand. After this we had no further interruption until we arrived at Cairo, which we reached, on the second following night.

"Our appearance here did not excite any very especial wonder. There were people of all colors, and countries, and religions, and habits, crowding along the narrow, dirty streets, seeking their business or their pleasures. The dogs seemed to be the most numerous and important part of the population, and we had little trouble from any of the rest of the inhabitants. So having sought out a caravansary, or boarding-house, we sallied out and commenced our vocation of street-minstrelsy. It was the most taking and profitable occupation that we could have chosen. I led the air, and Bob warbled bass, accompanying the melody with his cremona. 'Cease rude Boreas,' 'Begone dull care,' 'Ye sons of freedom,' 'Barbara Allen,' and several others of the most distinguished Christian pieces of profane music we absolutely coined into gold. The Cairoites were delighted with the novelty of the entertainment, and we became most decided favorites. Turks, Copts, Mamelukes, Jews, and Syrian Christians, voted us stars, invited us to their entertainments, and vied with each other in their unbounded hospitality.

"Wake up Peter, Cypress. Dan, take this tumbler.

"Well, boys, to be brief, in the course of three months we made money enough to buy fifty camels, one hundred Guinea slaves, a few Mograbian dancing-girls, and a goodly quantity of cotton, coffee, and other merchandize of the country, and joining another caravan, off we started across the desert, to the seaport of Suez, at the north end of the Red Sea. By-the-bye, what a pity it is that the Egyptians do not cut a canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. It is a dead level all the way;—not a lock necessary. Bob and I sent in proposals to the governor, to construct one within two years; but his highness shook his head, and said that if Allah had intended that there should be a water-communication from Suez to the Levant, he would have made it himself. But of that in another place. I intend to apply to our legislature for an act of incorporation for a railroad. Keep it quiet, boys. Say nothing.

"Our arrival at Suez created no little excitement. Our fame had preceded us across the desert, and the swarthy disciples of the Prophet of the east, grinned upon us, and fed us and felt us, just as would the very Christian populace of New York grin at, and feed, and feel King Blackhawk, and the Prophet of the West. It was soon, however, our fortune to be monopolized by good society. The sister of the governor, Julia Kleokatrinka, a widow,

got us. She was the Lady B—— of the place, and a most magnificent woman she was. She was decidedly the best-dressed lady that I have seen in all my travels. Beautiful, witty, learned, accomplished, and, above all, so generous in every respect. It was on account of her peculiar excellences, that she had obtained a special license to be different in deportment and behavior, from all the other ladies of rank in Suez, and to expose herself to the gaze of men, and give entertainments, and all that sort of thing. All the other women of Suez are strictly guarded in their seraglios, as they should be. I took to her exceedingly. She loved and petted me so, I couldn't help it. She used to call me her '*hi ghi giaour*,' which means, boys, pet infidel poet. Her *conversaciones* were delightful. She had around her, constantly, a brilliant *coterie*, of poets and romancers. One day, I met at her palace, at dinner, a *cordon* composed of Almanzor, the geometrician; Allittle, the poet; Ali Kroker, the satirist; Ali Gator, the magnificent son of Julia—the Suez Pelham; Selim Israel, a writer of books which no body would read; a Mr. Smith, an Englishman; a Persian musti; an Iceland count; a Patagonian priest, and several other persons of distinguished merit and virtue. The divine Julia never looked so well. She was dressed in Turkish pantaletts, made of the ever-changing plumage of the throat feathers of the African nightingale, woven and embroidered into a thin cloth of silver. Over these she wore a chemise of pea-green Persian silk, which hung loosely from the extreme tip of her alabaster shoulders, and fell just below her knees. The rest of her simple drapery consisted of a Tibetan shawl, which she gracefully disposed about her person, so as to answer the purpose of robe, or stole, or cloak, as her coquettish caprice might desire. Around her neck sported a young tame boa-constrictor, and in her lap slumbered a Siberian puppy-dog, which was presented to her by the emperor of Russia. Her conversation was unusually piquant. I was in capital spirits.

"'Will you be so generously disinterested,' said the charming Julia, 'as to eschew chewing until you can hand me that salt?'"

"'Most unequivocally, bright moon of my soul,' I readily replied; 'Allah forbid, that through my neglect, a lady's meat should go unsalted.'"

"'Then we all had a hearty laugh. I turned to Ali Gator, who was leaning against a pile of scarlet satin ottomans, while the rays of the setting sun fell full upon his beautifully embroidered waistcoat—'"

"'Stop, Ned, stop,'" said I, looking around, and listening to the chorus of heavy breathings that had, for some time past, been swelling upon my ear. "Raynor—*softly*—Dan—*louder*—Peter—with *vehemence*—Smith—Oliver—Zoph:—You have, by gad; you've put them all to sleep. I'm glad of it. It serves you right. Of what interest is it to these people to know what twaddle was talked at Julia Kleokatrinka's dinner-table? And what right have you to betray the privacies of a hospitable board, into which you may have been, perhaps unworthily, adopted. Shame! shame! It is a just judgment upon you."

"'It only shows their want of taste,'" replied Ned, coolly.

"Bring up your camels!" sung out Venus, as he turned over on his side in an uneasy dream about the last thing he heard before he went to sleep. "Bring up your camels!"

"So I say," I continued. "Get out of the city, Ned, some how or other. If you can't do better, take a balloon. Let's wake the boys up, and then do you travel on. Bring up your camels! Bring up your camels!"

I roared this out so loud, as to bring every man upon his feet.

"I was asleep," said Raynor, looking as though he wanted to make an apology.

"Some pork will boil that way," philosophized the Hicksite.

"I was dreaming of the my-grab—somethen—dancen-gals. What did you do with 'em, Mr. Locus," asked Venus, rubbing his eyes. "Were they pretty? I should like to try 'em on the double-shuffle, heel-and-toe, a small touch. Go it! Hey!"

"I'm done," said Ned, sulkily, crossing his arms.

"No, no; not by some thousands of miles," cried I. "We've got to get to the Lanjan Empire yet."—I knew Ned wanted to spin it out.

"It's my 'pinion he'll never reach there to-night," yawned Long John. "The wind don't seem to suit, no haaw. What's your sentiments, Peter?"

"I have my doubts."

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN MATCH!

1000 Miles in 1000 Successive Hours!

THE Sporting World has been much excited of late by the achievement near Boston, of one of the most extraordinary Pedestrian Matches on record—a performance that eclipses on many accounts, that of the celebrated Capt. Barclay.

MR. THOMAS ELWORTH, the pedestrian, commenced the arduous task of walking One Thousand Miles in One Thousand consecutive Hours, on Wednesday, August 24th, 1842, at 12 o'clock, noon, over the Cambridge Park Trotting Course, near the city of Boston, and concluded it at 3 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, the 5th of October. The match occupied, therefore, exactly *Forty-one Days and Sixteen Hours!*

Elworth was born in the town of Ferry, Washington County, State of Maine, on the 22d day of December, 1816. His height is exactly 5 feet 9 inches; his weight 150lbs.

He has been inured to hardship from the age of 12 years, at which time he "left his father's house" to seek his fortune, and as he himself expresses it, "has been continually on the go."

At 18 years of age, he took to farming, fifty miles from home,—

to visit them he travelled on foot about twice a month. It was his custom to start on Saturday morning about sunrise, and reach his home about sundown, remain at home during Sunday, and make the return trip on Sunday night. He was able to attend to his work the whole of the next day, and completely recruit himself at night by "one long round sleep."

He at one time accompanied, on foot, the same distance, two gentlemen who were riding in a buggy. They were so much pleased with the performance, that they offered him a good situation in Kingston, Jamaica, where they resided. From that period to the present, he has been sailor and landsman. He has made several voyages to Liverpool, West Indies, and coastwise. He has travelled on foot over nearly the whole province of Nova Scotia, where he carried a pedlar's pack. At St. Louis, Mo., for the last three years, he was a city night watchman, and day police-officer—carrier for two daily newspapers, runner for one of the Insurance Offices—and general bill-poster and collector. His knowledge of his power of rapid walking was obtained accidentally last winter at New Orleans, where he walked so rapidly that he astonished alike himself, and those who witnessed it, and is yet in the dark as to how fast he *can* go.

His mode of living has always been plain and temperate, having great partiality for salt food, which was his main dependence during the performance of his late unparalleled feat.

His manner of walking differs very much from that of the celebrated Capt. Barclay (whose performance will be found in the 1st Vol. of the "Turf Register," page 460.) His style of walking is to bend the body forward, and throw its weight on the knees and hips. He leans so much as to form a perpendicular line from the nose to the toe. His step is very long and elastic, and when in rapid motion, he swings his arms across his body. He wears in dry weather very thin-soled shoes, which he prefers on account of their yielding to the motion of the feet. He does not carry a pound of superfluous flesh.

At the close of the match, he felt as well, if not better, than at its commencement, and continued walking 14 hours after its termination, walking the last mile in 7 minutes 15 seconds.

Official Record of Time in Elworth's Pedestrian Match,

Over the Cambridge Trotting Course, near Boston, Mass.

Time of starting.				Time of starting.			
		min.	sec.			min.	sec.
Aug. 24	12 o'clock	M.	10	Aug. 24	20m	12	13 30
....	20m	2	10 30	12	11 45
....	2	9		Aug. 25	20m	2	12 45
....	20m	4	9 30	2	12 10
....	4	9 30		20m	4	14
....	20m	6	10 12	4	13
....	6	9 45		20m	6	12
....	20m	8	12 30	6	11 30
....	8	12 30		20m	8	10 30
....	20m	10	12	8	12
....	10	12 30		20m	10	10

		Time of starting.	min.	sec.			Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Aug. 25	10	11 15	Aug. 27	20m 10	13 30
	20m 12	12 17		10	14
	12	11 15		20m 12	14 10
	20m 2	11 18		12	14 30*
	2	12 10	Aug. 28	20m 2	14 30
	20m 4	11 40		2	14 30
	4	13		20m 4	14
	20m 6	10 27		4	14 15
	6	12		20m 6	14 15
	20m 8	13 45		6	13 45
	8	13 45		20m 8	15 15†
	20m 10	15		8	14 18
	10	14 15		20m 10	14 5
	20m 12	15 30		10	11 40
	12	14		20m 12	13 15
Aug. 26	20m 2	13 30		12	13
	2	13 45		20m 2	13 20
	20m 4	14		2	13 50
	4	12		20m 4	12 30
	20m 6	13		4	14 35
	6	13		20m 6	13 15
	20m 8	11 30		6	13
	8	12 35		20m 8	13 49
	20m 10	13		8	13 30
	10	12 30		20m 10	12 15
	20m 12	9 30		10	13 30‡
	12	10 30		20m 12	13 45
	20m 2	10 33		12	13 10
	2	10 54	Aug. 29	20m 2	14 30
	20m 4	9 37		2	13 50
	4	10 55		20m 4	14 25
	20m 6	9 50		4	14 15
	6	9 53		20m 6	14
	20m 8	12 45		6	13 30
	8	12 5		20m 8	13
	20m 10	14 3*		8	12 35
	10	14 15		20m 10	11 10
	20m 12	15		10	10 40
	12	14		20m 12	11 15
Aug. 27	20m 2	13 45		1	11 40§
	2	13 50		1	10 40
	20m 4	14 10		20m 3	9 50
	4	14 45		3	10
	20m 6	14 43		20m 5	8 48
	6	14 15		5	9 25
	20m 8	12 15		20m 7	9 10
	8	12 15		7	10 28
	20m 10	11 15		20m 9	13
	10	11 30		9	13 10
	20m 12	11		20m 11	14 30
	12	10 47		11	13 40
	20m 2	11 40	Aug. 30	20m 1	14
	2	11 5		1	14 4
	20m 4	11 8		20m 3	15 18
	4	10 45					
	20m 6	11 45					
	6	11 10					
	20m 8	12 20					
	8	12 10					

* Rains fast, and track very heavy and slippery.

* All well at 12 o'clock at night.
† Carried an umbrella, and r. ins fast.
‡ Track very heavy, and raining two days and nights.
§ Time of starting altered Aug. 29th to odd hours.
|| First pleasant night since Mr. Elworth commenced his walk.

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN MATCH.

		Time of starting.	min. sec.			Time of starting.	min. sec.
Aug. 30	3	13 30	Sept. 1	1	14 40
	20m	5	14 45		20	3	11 8
		5	14 12			3	12 44
	20m	7	14 15		20	5	10 41
		7	12 20			5	10 43
	20m	9	12 25		20	7	11 32
		9	12 50			7	11 55*
	20m	11	9 45		20	9	15 43
		11	11 17			9	14 34†
	20m	1	12 30		20	11	16 57
		1	11			11	16 17‡
	20m	3	11 25	Sept. 2	20	1	16 15
		3	11 15			1	15 36
	20m	5	10 15		20	3	15 33
		5	10 26			3	14 45
	20m	7	10 26		20	5	15
		7	8 43			5	14 25
	20m	9	14 47		20	7	13 45
		9	11 44			7	13 10§
	20m	11	14 24		20	9	13 33
		11	15 3*			9	11 52
Aug. 31	20m	1	14 42†		20	11	11 54
		1	14 28			11	10 13
	20m	3	15 9		20	1	12
		3	14 15			1	13 20
	20m	5	14 30		20	3	14 45
		5	14			3	10 55
	20m	7	14		20	5	9 36
		7	13 20			5	10 5¶
	20m	9	9 42		20	7	9 50
		9	10 42			7	12 46
	20m	11	11 40		20	9	14 30
		11	10 11			9	14 7
	20m	1	11 40		20	11	16 15
		1	11 25			11	15 48
	20m	3	11 3	Sept. 3	20	1	1656**
		3	11 20			1	15 6
	20m	5	8 50		20	3	16 25
		5	11 10			3	16 27
	20m	7	11 25		20	5	15 23
		7	10 45			5	15 22
	20m	9	14 25		20	7	15 27
		9	12 43			7	14 3
	20m	11	13 52		20	9	14 45
		11	14 ‡			9	12 38
Sept. 1	20m	1	14 14		20	11	12 36
		1	15 10				
	20m	3	15 24				
		3	14 47				
	20m	5	15 15				
		5	14 40				
	20m	7	12 15				
		7	14 15				
	20m	9	11 13				
		9	12 6				
	20m	11	10 42				
		11	11 25				
	20m	1 P M.	14 15				

* All well 12 o'clock at night.

† Very pleasant—track good.

‡ All well, 12 o'clock at night—very pleasant—track good.

* Perfectly well—appetite good, and limbs in good order—200 miles accomplished in 41 hours 43 min.—average time of each mile, 12 min. 40 sec.

† Very pleasant.

‡ Beautiful night to walk.

§ Weight, 147 lbs.—contusion on left instep—in good health and spirits.

|| Very pleasant through the night, and wind south—blister on each foot—appetite good.

¶ Dreams of domestic happiness.

** Saturday, Sept. 3 A. M., commenced wearing thick soled shoes, and finds them much easier—Feet improving, courage good—sure of succeeding in accomplishing the feat—Southernly winds—appearance of showers—thermometer at 85 deg.—no sleep during the day.

	Time of starting.	min. sec.		Time of starting.	min. sec.
Sept. 3	11	14 46	Sept. 5	20 11	13 30*
	20 1	9 12		11	14 47
	1	10 4		20 1	13 10
	20 3	9 29		1	14 20
	3	11 51*		20 3	11 13
	20 5	10 17		3	12 2
	5	9 24		20 5	9 19
	20 7	11 37		5	7 58†
	7	10 12		20 7	10 16
	20 9	15 2		7	10 35
	9	15 49		20 9	16 33
	20 11	15 15		9	16 37
	11	16 50		20 11	15 31
Sept. 4	20 1	16 15†		11	15 5†
	1	16 37	Sept. 6.	20 1	17 55
	20 3	18 10		1	14 36
	3	15 47		20 3	11 50‡
	20 5	16 40		3	16 53
	5	16 15		20 5	16
	20 7	14 3		5	14 15
	7	14 4		20 7	13 16
	20 9	12 18		7	12
	9	13 5		20 9	10 15
	20 11	10 26‡		9	11 46
	11	11 44		20 11	12 43
	20 1	8 50		11	12 30
	1	13 10		20 1	11 40
	20 3	10 43		1	12 15
	3	10 8		20 3	9 7
	20 5	10 35		3	9 35
	5	11 46		20 5	10 10
	20 7	11 41		5	8 17
	7	12 57		20 7	10 16
	20 9	16 25		7	9 30
	9	16 25		20 9	16 14
	20 11	15 5		9	14 43
	11	12 56		20 11	15 4
Sept. 5	20 1	16 9		11	16
	1	16 20	Sept. 7	20 1	14 59
	20 3	16 50		1	14 15
	3	17 9		20 3	16 15
	20 5	16 36		3	15 45¶
	5	15 50		20 5	15 50
	20 7	15		5	13 40
	7	13 56¶		20 7	10 35
	20 9	13 36		7	9 40
	9	14 18		20 9	12 14
				9	12 53
				20 11	12 5
				11	11 35
				20 1	10 52**
				1	11 2

* Discontinued using alcohol for bathing limbs, and thinks it injurious, and has not drank any spirits or wine from the commencement

† It rains, and *always will*—(Signed)—Thomas Elworth.—Heavy showers, with thunder and very sharp lightning—carried umorella—track very heavy.

‡ Complains of slight cramp in the stomach, caused by eating a peach. Good health and spirits—wind south—signs of rain—limbs in perfect order.

§ His dog is tired, and won't follow—accompanied by one of the watch.

|| Track very heavy and slippery.

¶ Wore the water proof suit for the first time—It rained from 6 o'clock till this hour.

* Fastest time made yet—Track heavy from rains in the morning.

† 300 miles accomplished—Wind N. W.

—Thermometer 70 deg. in the house.

‡ Track improving—appearance of fine weather.

§ Thermometer 61 deg.

|| Thermometer 43 deg.—very thick fog.

¶ Was presented with some "cling-stone" peaches, but dare not eat.

** New moon—track first rate

		Time of starting.		min. sec.
Sept. 7	----	20	3	9 52
	----		3	11 47
	----	20	5	8 27
	----		5	9 30
	----	20	7	12 a
	----		7	12 14
	----	20	9	13 38 ^b
	----		9	14 9
	----	20	11	16 31
	----		11	16 31
Sept. 8	----	20	1	16 40
	----		1	16 53
	----	20	3	15 30
	----		3	15 30
	----	20	5	15
	----		5	14 26
	----	20	7	8 45
	----		7	9 17
	----	20	9	12 16
	----		9	12 35
	----	20	11	8 8
	----		11	10 26
	----	20	1	8 22 ^c
	----		1	9 30
	----	20	3	9 59 ^d
	----		3	11 5
	----	20	5	8 48
	----		5	8 38
	----	20	7	11 23
	----		7	12 22
	----	20	9	15 58
	----		9	14 27
	----	20	11	11 15
	----		11	14 40
Sept. 9	----	20	1	16 8
	----		1	15 e
	----	20	3	15 5 ^f
	----		3	15 35 ^g
	----	20	5	15 34 ^h
	----		5	13 8
	----	20	7	12 28
	----		7	11 38
	----	20	9	11 8 ⁱ
	----		9	12 27
	----	20	11	11 30
	----		11	10 29
	----	20	1	13 20
	----		1	14 45 ^j
	----	20	3	13 20
	----		3	12 3

a Thermometer 60 deg.—pleasant morning, and enjoying perfect health—never felt better!

b Feels, as he says, like walking a mile close in to 7 minutes!

c Up to one o'clock, on the 8th of September.

d In good health.

e Rains very fast—track growing heavy.

f Wind S. W.

g Very dark

h Wind S. W.—thermometer 61 deg.

i Track very bad—carried umbrella.

j Muster day—encamped in the Park—rained all day.

		Time of starting.		min. sec.
Sept. 9	----	20	5	9 14
	----		5	9 45
	----	20	7	15
	----		7	16 3
	----	20	9	17 53
	----		9	16 3
	----	20	11	17 33
	----		11	16 33
Sept. 10	----	20	1	17 55
	----		1	17 17
	----	20	3	17 10
	----		3	17 25 ^a
	----	20	5	15 10 ^b
	----		5	14 35 ^c
	----	20	7	13 20
	----		7	11 47
	----	20	9	11 26
	----		9	9 50
	----	20	11	10 4
	----		11	9 35
	----	20	1	10 34 ^d
	----		1	12 40
	----	20	3	11 50
	----		3	8 20
	----	20	5	8 55
	----		5	8 35 ^e
	----	20	7	9 40
	----		7	13 59
	----	20	9	16
	----		9	16 37
	----	20	11	15
	----		11	13 15
Sept. 11	----	20	1	15 52
	----		1	16 14
	----	20	3	16 30
	----		3	16 16 ^f
	----	20	5	16 ^g
	----		5	15 54 ^h
	----	20	7	14 17
	----		7	14 27
	----	20	9	13 12
	----		9	8
	----	20	11	10 13
	----		11	11 ⁱ
	----	20	1	13 15
	----		1	13 30
	----	20	3	9 36
	----		3	9 31
	----	20	5	9 11
	----		5	10 24
	----	20	7	10 22
	----		7	13 16 ^j

a 400 miles accomplished—clear and pleasant.

b Track bad—wind N. W.

c Thermometer 49 deg.

d Track improving—wind N. W.

e Pleasant through the day.

f Track very rough—wind S. W.

g Thermometer 44 deg.

h Mr. E. in perfect health.

i Appearance of rain.

j Wind South—clear and pleasant at sunset.

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN MATCH.

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		Time of starting.		min. sec.
Sept. 11	20	9	12	50
		9	13	29
	20	11	16	25
		11	16	11
Sept. 12	20	1	16	3
		1	16	30
	20	3	17	25
		3	17	16 ^a
	20	5	16	31 ^b
		5	16	21
	20	7	10	53
		7	14	
	20	9	13	3
		9	13	5
	20	11	9	52
		11	11	37
	20	1	12	34
		1	9	32
	20	3	8	25
		3	11	21 ^c
	20	5	8	10
		5	8	25
	20	7	8	43
		7	12	17
	20	9	13	37
		9	10	28
	20	11	16	39
		11	16	23
Sept. 13	20	1	16	15
		1	15	30
	20	3	16	51
		3	17	48 ^d
	20	5	15	17
		5	15	18
	20	7	14	11
		7	14	
	20	9	9	9
		9	11	43
	20	11	12	40
		11	13	^e
	20	1	13	33
		1	14	20 ^f
	20	3	14	21
		3	13	5
	20	5	11	51
		5	9	58
	20	7	14	3
		7	14	35
	20	9	17	51
		9	16	18
	20	11	17	23
		11	15	34 ^g

^a Very dark—wind S., and raining.^b Thermometer 61 deg.^c Wind S.—thermometer 63—track very rough.^d Clear and pleasant—thermometer 60 deg.—wind S.^e Raining very fast.^f Track bad—still raining, and always will—wind N.^g Dark and thick fog—track still bad.

		Time of starting.		min. sec.
Sept. 14	20	1	17	17
		1	15	
	20	3	15	47
		3	15	
	20	5	16	30
		5	15	22 ^a
	20	7	9	23
		7	8	35 ^b
	20	9	14	20 ^c
		9	13	6
	20	11	11	22
		11	10	51
	20	1	9	4 ^d
		1	8	34
	20	3	9	14
		3	9	38
	20	5	8	36
		5	9	29 ^e
	20	7	11	15
		7	12	30
	20	9	16	24
		9	16	55
	20	11	16	32
		11	17	53
Sept. 15	20	1	17	53
		1	17	16
	20	3	16	20
		3	16	54 ^f
	20	5	17	54
		5	17	25
	20	7	16	47
		7	16	54 ^g
	20	9	15	54
		9	16	11
	20	11	8	30
		11	14	28 ^h
	20	1	14	19 ⁱ
		1	15	28 ^j
	20	3	15	24
		3	17	4
	20	5	16	3
		5	15	27
	20	7	17	10
		7	17	40
	20	9	15	10
		9	16	46
	20	11	16	37
		11	15	33

^a Thermometer 65 deg.—clear and pleasant—wind N. W.^b 500 miles accomplished.^c Track improving.^d Complaints of pains in his limbs and joints, occasioned by colds taken during bad weather.^e Pains continue.^f Rain—wind N.—thermometer 51 deg.^g Appetite not good—still raining.^h Thermometer 58 deg.ⁱ Raining—carried umbrella.^j Thermometer 54 deg.—carried umbrella.

		Time of starting.		min. sec.			Time of starting.		min. sec.
Sept. 16	----	20	1	13 15 ^a	Sept. 18	----	1	15 50 ^a	
	----		1	17 9		----	20	3	15 40
	----	20	3	18 40		----		3	17 29
	----		3	18		----	20	5	17 44
	----	20	5	17 42		----		5	17 21
	----		5	17 29		----	20	7	16 12
	----	20	7	14 30		----		7	16 30
	----		7	15 36		----	20	9	15 39
	----	20	9	14 50 ^b		----		9	15 23
	----		9	14 54		----	20	11	10 ^b
	----	20	11	14 44		----		11	10 25
	----		11	13 11		----	20	1	11 52
	----	20	1	15 4		----		1	11 11 ^c
	----		1	15 14		----	20	3	10 4
	----	20	3	13 10		----		3	11 36
	----		3	13 34		----	20	5	9 5
	----	20	5	11 15		----		5	9 55
	----		5	11 46		----	20	7	11 56
	----	20	7	14 16		----		7	14 55
	----		7	14 36		----	20	9	16 25
	----	20	9	15 54		----		9	14 43
	----		9	15 49		----	20	11	16 39
	----	20	11	17 43		----		11	16 28
	----		11	16 4	Sept. 19	----	20	1	17 34
Sept. 17	----	20	1	17 51		----		1	17 41 ^d
	----		1	16 34 ^c		----	20	3	19 55
	----	20	3	17 2		----		3	18 40
	----		3	16 3		----	20	5	18 20
	----	20	5	14		----		5	15 40
	----		5	15 17		----	20	7	15 2
	----	20	7	15 30		----		7	14 16
	----		7	15 35		----	20	9	13 5
	----	20	9	14 13 ^d		----		9	13 4
	----		9	14 20		----	20	11	11 9
	----	20	11	11 42		----		11	12 51
	----		11	13 5		----	20	1	10 44
	----	20	1	13 50		----		1	14 42
	----		1	12 50		----	20	3	14 12
	----	20	3	10 29		----		3	13
	----		3	10 36		----	20	5	11 8
	----	20	5	8 36		----		5	11 10
	----		5	9 19		----	20	7	15 21
	----	20	7	12 26		----		7	13 12
	----		7	14 20		----	20	9	11 2
	----	20	9	13 10		----		9	15 5
	----		9	12 45		----	20	11	17 2
	----	20	11	15					
	----		11	15 51					
Sept. 18	----	20	1	15 41					

^a 5 A. M.—Thermometer 43 deg.—very pleasant during the night—wind S.—health improving—7 A. M.—weight 146lbs.—9 A.

^a 6 o'clock A. M.—lower limbs rubbed with a decoction of wormwood and alcohol diluted, and hop baths for the body throughout the night—legs bandaged with flannel—7 A. M.—pains much easier—the last 24 hours cold storm from N. E.

^b Thermometer 52 deg.—walked under cover 20 miles, ending 3 o'clock P. M.

^c Cloudy and dull—complaints of soreness, and slight pain at pit of stomach—applied hot hop baths—7 A. M. warm and pleasant—thermometer 70 deg.—wind S.W.

^d Commenced walking on the track.

^a 5 A. M.—Thermometer 43 deg.—very pleasant during the night—wind S.—health improving—7 A. M.—weight 146 lbs.—9 A. M.—complaints of slight lameness in hips and knees—10 min. 25 sec. past 11 o'clock 600 miles accomplished.

^b 5 o'clock P. M.—light pains in the head—6 P. M.—commenced raining.

^c Wind S. W.—thermometer 58 deg.—11 P. M.—Fair.

^d 1 o'clock A. M.—thick fog—7 o'clock, rested well through the night—appetite good—3 P. M.—showers from the N.—5 P. M.—Rainbow—9 P. M.—complaints of pains and weakness in the knees—bathed in wormwood and balm of Gilead buds steeped in alcohol diluted, and well rubbed in.

	Time of starting	min. sec.		Time of starting	min. sec.
Sept. 19	11	17 14	Sept. 22	1	15 40 ^a
Sept. 20	20 1	16 55 ^a	20 3	16 22	
	1	17 45	3	16 15	
	20 3	15 40	20 5	16 24	
	3	16 38	5	16 20	
	20 5	16 10	20 7	14 51	
	5	17 33	7	14 30	
	20 7	18 3	20 9	14 15	
	7	15 43	9	14 28	
	20 9	14 37	20 11	14 15	
	9	13 15	11	13 50 ^b	
	20 11	13 40	20 1	13 25	
	11	9 18	1	12 48	
	20 1	12 4	20 3	11 9	
	1	10 20	3	15 52	
	20 3	10 14	20 5	8 54	
	3	13 45	5	10 42	
	20 5	9	20 7	16 22	
	5	8	7	16 36	
	20 7	14 25	20 9	14 20	
	7	15 15	9	15 50	
	20 9	14 28	20 11	16 12	
	9	12 50	11	17 21	
	20 11	15 55	Sept. 23	20 1	16 25
	11	15 43	1	16 40 ^c	
Sept. 21	20 1	17 33	20 3	16 50	
	1	16 40 ^b	3	17 20	
	20 3	16 20	20 5	17 15	
	3	17 15	5	17 5	
	20 5	16 30	20 7	14 50	
	5	16 55	7	14 22	
	20 7	14 37	20 9	12 10	
	7	14 50	9	12 16	
	20 9	16 7	20 11	11 22	
	9	15 3	11	12 39	
	20 11	9 29	20 1	9 19	
	11	12 48	1	13	
	20 1	14 30	20 3	12 33	
	1	15	3	12 28	
	20 3	12 14	20 5	8 10	
	3	11 24	5	8 3	
	20 5	9 45	20 7	11 30	
	5	8 55	7	15 35	
	20 7	15 30	20 9	16 17	
	7	16 35	9	14 11	
	20 9	15 12	20 11	16 33	
	9	13 50	11	16 36	
	20 11	15 30	Sept. 24	20 1	16 10 ^d
	11	16 35	1	17 17	
Sept 22	20 1	16 15	20 3	13	
			3	16 55 ^e	

^a 5 o'clock A. M.—Fair and cool through the night—wind N. W.—thermometer 43 deg.—walked under cover from 3 P. M. yesterday until 9 this morning—track heavy and wet from last evening's showers.

^b Track in good order—5 o'clock A. M.—cold, with frost—thermometer 37 deg.—pains in the limbs, and soreness at the pit of the stomach—no sleep through the night until 5 A. M.—4 P. M.—heavy showers—track heavy—walked under cover—appetite good.

^a 7 A. M.—commenced walking on the track—track very heavy and wet—pains in knees and hips—clear and cool through the night—thermometer varying from 37 to 43 deg.

^b 696 miles accomplished this day at 13 m 50s. past 11 A. M.

^c Thermometer 38 deg.—high wind from N. W.—pains much easier—track in good order.

^d Clear and cold—thermometer 36 deg.

^e Thermometer 30 deg.—accompanied by Eaton.

		Time of starting.	min. sec.			Time of starting.	min. sec.
Sept. 24	20	5	15 5	Sept. 26	9	15 11	
		5	15 30		20	11	10 54
	20	7	13 23			11	12 15 _a
		7	15 13		20	1	12 39
	20	9	14 10			1	13 22
		9	14 33		20	3	12 23
	20	11	13 30			3	9 3
		11	13		20	5	9
	20	1	9 36			5	8 1
		1	9 37 _a		20	7	13 15
	20	3	13			7	8 37 _b
		3	14		20	9	11 25
	20	5	8 14			9	14 46
		5	8 50		20	11	16 52
	20	7	11 57			11	16 28
		7	8 35	Sept. 27	20	1	15 10
	20	9	16 30			1	17 34
		9	16 58		20	3	16 28
	20	11	17 20			3	16 22 _c
		11	16 50		20	5	16 32
Sept. 25	20	1	17 29			5	17 40
		1	15 37		20	7	14 20
	20	3	16 30			7	15 _d
		3	17 30		20	9	16 38
	20	5	16 23			9	15 23
		5	15 26 _b		20	11	14 3
	20	7	15 15			11	15
		7	16 24 _c		20	1	12 33
	20	9	15 10			1	11 6
		9	16		20	3	11 36
	20	11	13 35			3	13
		11	14 30		20	5	8 8
	20	1	15 56			5	9 5
		1	14 59		20	7	12 58
	20	3	13 12			7	16 27
		3	14 46		20	9	17
	20	5	10 59			9	16 16
		5	11 32		20	11	16 11
	20	7	10 20 _d			11	16 10
		7	14 27 _e	Sept. 28	20	1	16 6
	20	9	16 5			1	15 8 _e
		9	17 19		20	3	17 15
	20	11	16 56			3	17 34 _f
		11	16 38		20	5	16 20
Sept. 26	20	1	17 15			5	17 50
		1	17 10 _f		20	7	15 10
	20	3	16 23			7	14 20
		3	17 10		20	9	16 10
	20	5	17 40			9	11 36
		5	14 15		20	11	9 5
	20	7	15 23			11	12 57 _g
		7	14 30				
	20	9	10 7				

a Feels better than for the last ten days—wind N. W.

b Thermometer 36 deg.—Calm and pleasant through the night, with hard frost last two nights.

c Weight 146 lbs.

d Walked last four miles under cover.

e Walked on the track.

f Very pleasant—wind N. W.—thermometer 40 deg.

a In good health—limbs in good order—awakes and dresses as readily as at the commencement of the feat.

b 800 miles now accomplished.

c Cool, with frost.

d Rested well through the night—appetite good.

e Pains in abdomen, caused by colds—applied hot baths of rum and wormwood.

f Warm and cloudy—wind S. W.—thermometer 55 deg.

g Pains continue—applied dry heat.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 28	20	1	14 20
		1	15 11
	20	3	14 10 <i>a</i>
		3	12 56
	20	5	10 6
		5	11 15
	20	7	14 17
		7	14 20
	20	9	16 20
		9	15 30
	20	11	16 20
		11	16 3 ^b
Sept. 29	20	1	16 15
		1	16 30
	20	3	18 12
		3	17 23
	20	5	17 58
		5	17 10
	20	7	15 41
		7	16 3
	20	9	13
		9	13 30
	20	11	11 22 <i>c</i>
		11	11 52 ^d
	20	1	9 24
		1	12 12
	20	3	13 35
		3	15
	20	5	8 9
		5	8 40
	20	7	16 38
		7	16 38
	20	9	17 10
		9	16 15
	20	11	17 10
		11	17 10
Sept. 30	20	1	16 20 ^e
		1	17 10
	20	3	18 58
		3	18 52
	20	5	16
		5	15 55
	20	7	15 38
		7	13 36

a Warm and pleasant—wind N. W.—thermometer 74 deg.

b Northern lights, very brilliant—wind N.—thermometer 56 deg.

c Pains continue—appetite good—spirits buoyant.

d Thermometer 66 deg.—864 miles accomplished.

e Sure to win.

f 28 minutes before 1 o'clock, the precise time for being called, Mr. E. awoke of his own accord, inquired the time of night, turned out, dressed himself, and was all in readiness at the word "Go."—3 A. M. thermometer 42 deg.—10 A. M. wind S. E.—thermometer 64 deg.—Pains in abdomen continue—bathed in alcohol diluted and worn wood—applied dry heat—1 o'clock P. M. showers—carried umbrella—11 P. M. thermometer 48 deg.—blister on left foot—pains increase—receives medical advice.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 30	20	9	13 34
		9	14 38
	20	11	14 32
		11	14 40
	20	1	12 52
		1	14 6
	20	3	14 2
		3	12 6
	20	5	9 43
		5	8 25
	20	7	14 5
		7	16 40
	20	9	16 48
		9	15 28
	20	11	17 30
		11	16 29 <i>a</i>
Oct. 1	20	1	16 23
		1	17 47
	20	3	16 40
		3	17 30
	20	5	17 25 <i>b</i>
		5	18 34
	20	7	16 10
		7	16 15
	20	9	13 55
		9	14 35
	20	11	16 51
		11	14 25
	20	1	17 6
		1	16 25 ^c
	20	3	16 51
		3	15 49
	20	5	14
		5	17 24
	20	7	16 56
		7	19 30 ^d
	20	9	16 14
		9	17 24
	20	11	17 45
		11	17 3
Oct. 2	20	1	16 20 <i>e</i>
		1	18 12
	20	3	16 5
		3	16 10
	20	5	18 5
		5	18 15
	20	7	18 5
		7	17 7
	20	9	16 22
		9	16 31
	20	11	15 31 ^f

a 900 miles accomplished.

b Thick fog all night—track in good order—Mr. E. restless through the night—no sleep from 3 to 5 A. M.—complaints of severe pains in chest and limbs—thermometer 40 deg.

c Thermometer 71 deg.—very pleasant—wind S. W.

d Debility and depression of spirits.

e Pains continue—applied dry heat.

f Weight 143½ lbs.—loss of 4½ lbs. since the commencement.

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN MATCH.

		Time of starting.		min. sec.			Time of starting.		min. sec.
Oct. 2	11	14 57	Oct. 3	7	16 19
	20	1 13 50 ^a		20	9 16 30
		1 12 48			9 16 30
	20	3 13 27		20	11 18 6
		3 15 55 ^b			11 16 25
	20	5 13 28	Oct. 4	20	1 16 25 ^a
		5 11 4 ^c			1 16 15
	20	7 16 58 ^d		20	3 17 30
		7 15 36			3 17 10
	20	9 15 25		20	5 17 54
		9 16 47			5 17 16
	20	11 17 15 ^e		20	7 13 25
		11 18 21 ^f			7 15 30
Oct. 3	20	1 17 10		20	9 15 23
		1 18 30			9 14 40
	20	3 19		20	11 12 8
		3 18 20			11 12 50
	20	5 18		20	1 11 15
		5 18 7			1 11 26
	20	7 16 10		20	3 11 57
		7 15 45			3 8 5
	20	9 14 53		20	5 7 45
		9 13 58			5 8 7
	20	11 14 5		20	7 10 40
		11 12 40			7 16 30
	20	1 10 46 ^g		20	9 15 18
		1 13 10			9 18 12
	20	3 12 50		20	11 17 23
		3 12 24 ^h			11 16 53
	20	5 11 3 ⁱ	Oct. 5	20	1 15 34
		5 15 15			1 15 54
	20	7 15 17		20	3 13 15 ^b
							3 16 42 ^c

^a Thermometer 72 deg.

^b Walked under cover this mile.

^c Walked under cover this mile.

^d Pains much easier—feet improving.

^e Very pleasant—wind S. W.

^f Thermometer 42 deg.

^g Pleasant breeze from the W.—track good.

^h Thermometer 62 deg.

ⁱ Mr. E. in good spirits.

^a Clear and pleasant—wind S.—Mr. E. in good health and spirits—free from pains, &c.

^b Thermometer ranging through the night from 40 deg. to 55 deg.—wind N. W.

^c No sleep to-night—somewhat excited, but perfectly well!

At 3 o'clock and 16 minutes 42 seconds, Mr. E. finished his *One Thousandth* mile, at which time ten guns were fired by his friends, one for every hundred miles. He, however, continued walking one mile every hour until 5 o'clock, P.M., the same day, for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity to judge of his health, spirit, and condition. After walking *one thousand and fourteen miles*, in one thousand and fourteen successive hours, (besides the distance to the course, which is seven rods,) he appeared in as good condition as on the day he commenced.

There was an immense concourse of spectators to witness his walking through the afternoon; he walked the last mile in *seven minutes and fifteen seconds!* and he came in amidst deafening shouts!

October 5 — *Memorandum of Elworth's time after the conclusion of his Thousand Miles!*

20 minutes to 5 A.M.	walked in	16 minutes 17 seconds.
5 "	" "	18 " 50 "
20 " " 7 "	" "	16 " 10 "
7 "	" "	15 " 20 "
20 " " 9 "	" "	14 " 12 "
9 "	" "	11 " 27 "
At 10* "	" "	8 " 36 "
" 11 "	" "	10 " 32 "
" 12 "	" "	12 " 24 "
" 1 P.M.	" "	13 " 52 "
" 2 "	" "	10 " 12 "
" 3 "	" "	7 " 50 "
" 4 "	" "	7 " 54 "
" 4 "	" "	7 " 15 "

* He commenced walking at even hours.

The last three miles would have been done in quicker time, had it not been for the spectators crowding on to the course; in fact, Mr. E. was compelled to *beg* his way through the crowd, as every body appeared anxious to take him by the hand and congratulate him. At the close of his labors he was "applauded to the echo" by a host of spectators; and, when the cheering subsided, he mounted a platform and delivered the following address:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*—On the 24th day of August last, at 12 o'clock, M. I commenced the arduous task of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. This morning, at 16 minutes and forty-two seconds after 3 o'clock, I completed the performance; and allow me to assure you that I have walked one mile every hour since I started, and that a journal of the time has been kept by those persons in whose charge I have been, who will testify to its correctness; and it is now open to the inspection of every one who wishes to examine it. I have continued to walk one mile every hour since the completion of my feat up to this time, making 14 miles over the 1000, for the purpose of giving an opportunity to the public of judging of my condition. The distance from my room to the course is seven rods, which is not in the walk of the 1000 miles. And I will here state to you that I have lost but three and a half pounds in weight since I started, and now feel in as good health and spirits as on the day I started. And permit me now to return my thanks to those gentlemen who have so kindly extended to me their aid and encouragement throughout my task, and beg you *all* to accept the thanks of a YANKEE PEDESTRIAN."

Notes of the Month.

NOVEMBER.

The Races at Camden last Week!

The Philadelphia and Camden Races, over the Camden Course, were to commence on Wednesday last, with every prospect of a most exciting and interesting meeting. We are assured that *Fashion* and *Blue Dick* will positively meet. We are glad to hear that Boston is recovering, and that he was looking and going so well a few days since that it is not certain he will not start against the Northern champion. *Nous verrons.*

Col. JOHNSON will bring North, Boston, Blue Dick, Cassandra, and probably two others. Col. THOMPSON—a most formidable competitor—brings Wilton Brown, Pryor, Register and Kitty Harris. Mr. HARE, Mr. KENDALL, Maj. DOSWELL and Mr. WILSON, of Virginia and Maryland, are also expected to bring on drafts from their stables.

The North will turn out its whole strength. Mr. LAIRD has Fashion, Mariner, Clarion, and others. Maj. JONES has Treasurer and Emily. Mr. CONOVER has The Heiress and others. Mr. LLOYD has a string, with the Br ther to Hornblower at its head, and there are some half dozen other strings; so that the fields at Camden will doubtless be large each day.

A *Second Meeting at Trenton* is advertised, to commence on the 1st Tuesday of November, being the week following the Camden races. Mr. BROWN, the spirited proprietor of the Eagle Course, has just returned from Baltimore and Washington, where he received an assurance from the principal Turfmen there assembled that they would bring on their stables to Trenton, after the Camden races. In consequence of this arrangement the Second Meeting on the Union Course, Long Island, must necessarily be postponed.

Blue Dick.—As it appears to be settled that this fine horse is to meet Fashion next week at Camden, the following singular description of his style of going, from a Virginia correspondent, may not be out of place. We do not endorse the writer's opinions, however, never having seen the horse, though we hope to do so next week:—

"If Fashion runs at Camden, she will have to run against Blue Dick, and not Boston. *She will beat Blue Dick*—but he is 'a buster!' I think he is the fastest horse I ever saw make tracks, but he is a perfect whirlwind—goes any where and every where—would just as soon run over a fence as on the track. I think him a dangerous horse for a man to bet his money on, for he cannot be controlled. When he takes the notion to run, 'all ——' could not stop his going anywhere. I know of no way to describe him, or no better way than to say he is a perfect *whirlwind*. I have seen Boston run two or three times in bursts faster than anything I ever saw, except Blue Dick. I saw him taking his exercise here, and the way he run down the straight stretch was a perfect curiosity! *It was just a blue streak!* I think the nag don't live that can begin to show with him for speed."

New Orleans Races.—The meeting on the Metarie Course is announced to commence on the 14th Dec., and the following official announcement has been made:—

"All horses contending for prizes over the Metarie and Louisiana Courses will carry weight, dating their ages from the *first of January*, instead of the *first of May*."

A very fine thorough-bred steeple chase horse has just arrived here from Ireland, in the ship "North America," Capt. LOWBER. He is called Waxey Pope after his sire, the celebrated winner of the Derby, and brother to Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, etc., and is out of a Swordsman mare. We shall hereafter, publish his full pedigree. This fine horse—the first specimen of the British Steeple Chaser ever seen here—was bred by the Marquis of SLIGO, and is imported by FREDERICK W. BROWNE, Esq. of Brown Hall, County Mayo. The horse suffered considerably on the passage, but as every possible attention is paid him, he will doubtless soon recover. He is a chesnut, with little or no white, fifteen hands three inches, under the standard, and nine years old. He has covered two or three seasons, and last year was ridden to hounds. He has been a frequent steeple chase winner, and from his size, shape, power, and blood we esteem him a decided acquisition to the stock of the country. His owner is undecided where to locate him next season, but he will doubtless remain near this city if unsold.

"Mr. B——, of Louisiana, claims the name of *Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter*, for a yellow tan pup, by Leader out of Courtess. Look out for tall running somewhere. Is *Harkforward* in good order!"—Communicated.

Imported Precipitate.—This horse stood one season *I believe* at T. GOODE's, in Chesterfield, Va. He was imported the same season with Citizen, and one of his fillies bred by D. MINGE was named in a two year old cup race at Halifax, N.C., won by a Citizen Colt, bred by W. W. JONES. This filly was trained in the same stable with the famous Hickory; was cut down by him in a brush and never raced afterwards. Miss Munroe by Precipitate, the same age, won the great sweepstake at Newmarket, beating Mr. WILKES' Madison, etc. At four years old she won all her races, 2 and 3 miles, in Mr. JOHNSON's stables. If she lost I do not recollect it; she was afterwards the dam of Spring Hill by Sir Archy. Gen. WYNN's Malvira was a fine performer at all distances; she was barely 14 hands 1 inch, but of great beauty and strength. I saw also a filly bred by Mr. Goode; she had ring bone, was never trained, and produced a colt by Citizen. These fillies were all the same age, and I incline to the belief that Precipitate lived but one season after his importation. We have had no better horse since; he was a short legged, strong horse, much on the model of Plenipo. Yours, B.

Nashville, Aug. 21, 1842.

It is somewhat strange I never saw a colt by Precipitate; all were fillies; I presume, however, he must have gotten some colts.

Precipitate again.—We make no doubt that Mr. EDGAR's account of this English horse, as given in his Stud Book, [quoted by us last month] is incorrect. The following letter from JOHN MINGE, Esq., of Petersburg, Va. seems to settle the question most satisfactorily—a fault that will be highly gratifying to several correspondents interested in the stock of Precipitate:—

Dear Sir:—In the September No. of the "American Turf Register," "C." enquires if Weatherby's statement of the death of *Precipitate* is correct? I answer, *no*. He was imported by WM. LIGHTFOOT, Esq., of Charles City, Va. and covered a good many mares. He died *I believe*, before the season expired. Dr. Dixon's Pillbox, the dam of (Hurry-'em) was among the number. The latter was the property of my father whom I have often heard speak of the appearance of Precipitate.

Yours respectfully,

Petersburgh, Oct. 6, 1842.

JOHN MINGE.

The GREAT FAIR of the *American Institute* has closed after a fine exhibition which has attracted thousands upon thousands. The award of Premiums on Stock, etc., will be published in this magazine as soon as furnished officially. It may not be improper to remark that the 1st premium "for the best stallion" was awarded to *Abdallah*, the celebrated trotter, (by Mambrino, out of Amazonia,) from Long Island, and the 2d to *Raritan*, (by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Indiana, by Sir Archy) from New Jersey. The 1st premium "for the best brood mare" was awarded to *Betsey Wilson*, the dam of the far-famed Lady Clifden (by Ratray, dam by Ogle's Oscar) from Connecticut [of all places!] and the 2d premium to *Iodine*, (by Eclipse, out of Romp) from Long Island. The premium "for the best colt, not exceeding 2 yrs. old," was awarded to *Logan*, (by Henry Clay, out of Croppy—trotting stock on both sides) from Brooklyn, L. I. The committee recommended the award of a Diploma to a Bay Filly, 14 months old, by Tippecanoe, out of a Mambrino mare, from Newark, N. J., and also one to a Bay Colt, 3 yrs. old, by Young Wildair, out of a Mambrino mare, from Orange Co., N. Y. The premium "for the best Jack," was awarded to *Don Juan*, (imported from Spain, and a prodigious fine animal,) from New Brunswick, N. J.

GREAT NATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

AMERICA VS. SWITZERLAND.

Mr. Editor.—About six or seven months ago a controversy arose between a number of Swiss, German, and American gentlemen on the subject of Rifles and Rifle Shooters. It finally resulted in a match between Capt. LLOYD, of New York, and FREDERICK GEANNET and PIERRE HENRY MONTANDON, of the town of Locle, Switzerland, each to shoot in their own country, to come off before the 1st of Sept. ult. Each party was to shoot thirty shots, to be measured by aggregate or string measure, from the centre of the bull's eye to the centre of the ball hole,—distance 545 feet (181 yards 2 feet), off hand; Capt. Lloyd to beat both the Swiss shooters or lose the match.

New York shot on the 12th, Switzerland on the 27th of July. Each target was forwarded immediately by the first packets from Havre and New York. The Swiss target arrived here last week, by the *Oneida*, Capt. FUNK, and for the satisfaction of your numerous readers, and particularly Rifle Shooters, I will give both targets in the order they were shot.

I must premise that this match was strictly National, and that it caused great excitement, particularly in Switzerland, from the fact, that they were never beaten on a fair trial at a long shot. The Swiss shooters shot in a gallery; Capt. Lloyd shot on open ground. Montandon missed his target on the 19th shot, and gave up. His shooting up to this period was eight inches better than Geannet's. The shots were measured by a Swiss rule, which is half an inch shorter to the foot than an English rule—or, $11\frac{1}{2}$ English inches make one Swiss foot.

Mr. Geannet has stood champion of Switzerland for twenty years. He won the last Government prize, by making seven successive bull's eyes, 10 inches in diameter, off hand, distance 545 feet, or 181 yards 2 feet; this distance being prescribed by Government. Montandon was believed to be quite his equal.

THE TARGETS.

GEANNET.			LLOYD.		
No.	Inches.	Twelfths.	No.	Inches.	Twelfths.
1	10	8	1	1	3
2	14	6	2	7	6
3	2	4	3	5	11
4	10	2	4	3	2
5	7	11	5	7	8
6	3	7	6	7	9
7	2	5	7	9	10
8	3	6	8	8	1
9	10	5	9	3	10
10	7	10	10	6	1
11	12	1	11	8	6
12	8	8	12	2	3
13	7	0	13	8	2
14	4	4	14	4	9
15	2	3	15	9	5
16	3	11	16	4	7
17	13	9	17	3	5
18	3	9	18	8	0
19	7	4	19	2	1
20	7	5	20	5	10
21	7	0	21	6	9
22	5	2	22	4	11
23	2	4	23	7	11
24	4	5	24	4	4
25	2	5	25	2	5
26	14	1	26	4	3
27	6	7	27	8	6
28	4	7	28	3	11
29	3	3	29	5	6
30	1	6	30	9	8
		195			176
		176			3

Lloyd won by . . 18 11

From the centre of the bull's-eye to the nearest break of the ball, 177 3 4 inches (English measure); ball (round), 15 to the pound.

From the centre of the bull's-eye to the nearest break of the ball, 163 1-8 inches (English measure); ball (form of a sugar loaf, thus: \triangleright), 30 to the pound.

Wind varying the ball from five to nine inches.

If you consider this of sufficient interest, please give it a place in your very valuable and interesting paper and oblige

New York, Sept. 27th, 1842.

AN OLD NEW YORK RIFLE SHOOTER.